JANUARY 25, 1960
America's National Sports Weekly
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WINTER PLAY IN RUSSIA

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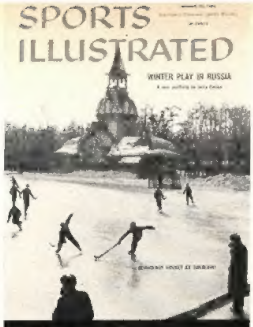

Cover: Hockey in Russia ▶

The violent Russian winter does not dismay Soviet sports enthusiasts. They go in for everything from hockey to sunbathing in bikinis, as the pictures on pages 32–36 show.

Photograph by Jerry Cooke

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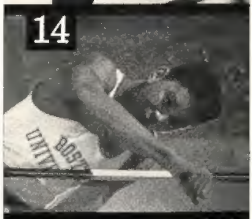
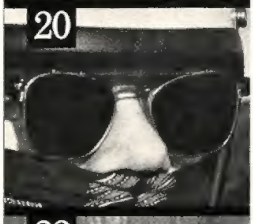
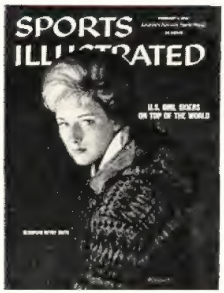




Next week



▶ An amazing group of American girls has developed into the team to beat in women's skiing at the Olympics. Here is how Betsy Snite, Penny Pitou and Co. got that way.

▶ Sugar Ray Robinson, prizefighter, philosopher and self-styled ham, refuses to believe he is growing old but nonetheless prudently prepares for a brand-new career: opera.

▶ Sparse Grey Hackle bemoans the decline of family car driving as a "game of skill and fun" and tells of his joys and alarms with five fabulous —and responsive—machines.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 540 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. This issue is published in national and regional editions. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription: U.S. & Canada $7.50 one year.

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MEMO *from the publisher*

SOMEWHERE out of San Diego and sailing down to Acapulco as this issue appears, our ocean-going contributing editor, Carleton Mitchell, is crewing aboard Bob Robbs's *Nam Sang* in one of the great ocean races, which he will report in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED three weeks hence. On his previous race, Mitchell was aboard the same *Nam Sang* and landed safe but somewhat salty in Honolulu at the end of last year's tough Transpacific (SI, July 27).

There he changed swiftly from racing sailor to sailor scholar and began firsthand the study of the newest breed of vessels, the ocean-racing catamarans, today's descendants of the Pacific's almost dateless outriggers. Hawaii is the place to study them, for here the most advanced catamarans have advanced the most. *Aikane*, a cat not officially entered in the Transpacific Race, led the fleet home by 17 hours. This kind of speed is vastly irritating to single-hull proponents. There are also critics of the cats who consider them unseaworthy. Later this year Mitchell will analyze for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED the catamaran evolution and what it might mean if these boats were admitted to the patrician ranks of ocean racers.

Carleton Mitchell brings to sailing not only scholarship and racing talent but a balanced sense of the relationship of water, land and man. This, too, has helped make him a master of the cruise. In our January 11 issue he began a series on the great salt-water cruising grounds, describing the unhurried Virgin Islands, which combine sheltered waters, reasonably consistent winds, fascinating harbors and agreeable things to do ashore.

In the February 8 issue Mitchell will write of Hong Kong, whose 391

WRITER MITCHELL ON THE JOB

square miles and many islands contain a bargain center, a gastronomic capital, yachts, sampans, junks, walla-wallas and additional rarities too numerous for me, but not for him, to mention.

Later Mitchell will describe the yachting and other attractions of the outer islands of Tahiti and the classic islands of the Aegean.

Meanwhile, as I was saying, he is racing, not cruising, and this might be the place to note that the next big race for Mitchell, after San Diego-Acapulco, will be the Bermuda in June—in which twice running he skippered *Finisterre* to victory.

Arthur Murphy

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EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

SKIING—On slippery slopes near Kitzbühel, Austria, the best men and women skiers in the world competed in the annual Hahnenkamm races, an international meet which this year served as a preview for next month's Olympics at Squaw Valley. The first day's event, the giant slalom, was won by Austria's **Karl Schranz** (*see* "Faces") and **Therese Leduc** of France. Miss Leduc swept down the course in 1:37.7, better than three seconds faster than America's **Penny Pitou**, who tied for fourth. Several Americans complained about the slick condition of the slopes. Said Penny: "I slipped sideways at several gates. We are not used to this snow yet. Back in the United States we had been training on soft and slower snow." The showing by the American men was dismal: none finished in the top 30.

The next day, in the downhill, the United States almost had a winner. Penny Pitou had finished her run in 1:57.1 and had even been declared the unofficial winner when an unknown Austrian girl, **Traudl Hecher**, came through with a record 1:55.9 run. "I had very fast skis," said Traudl. The men's division was won by a Frenchman, Adrien Duvillard, and the American men did even worse than on the preceding day: none finished in the top 40.

On the final day, in the slalom, Penny Pitou got her win, sharing a first-place tie with her teammate Linda Meyers. The Frenchman, Adrien Duvillard, won for the second straight day. Once again, no U.S. man finished in the top 30.

HORSE RACING—**The New York State Racing Commission** announced the statistic of the week: 1959 tax revenue from Thoroughbred racing in the state (at 10% of all mutuel betting) came to a record $51 million.

BOXING — **Archie Moore**, light heavyweight champion, cornered Ingemar Johansson, heavyweight champion, at the New York Boxing Writers' Association dinner. "You and I could put on the most colorful fight ever," Archie told Ingo. He predicted that the fight would draw a $4 million gate plus $15 million more through closed-circuit television. Johansson smiled. "That's a lot of money," he said. "I'd like that. But I'm going to fight Floyd Patterson first." Archie nodded. "Yes, I know," he said. "But if anything happens and you should need a substitute, I am ready."

BASEBALL—After 12 years with the Philadelphia Phillies, during which time he won two batting titles, made 2,217 hits and helped the team to its only pennant (1950) in 45 years, **Richie Ashburn** was traded to the Chicago Cubs. "I had hurt feelings at first," said Ashburn, "but I guess it's for the best. Twelve years is a long time in one place. I guess I am ready for a change." In return for Ashburn the Phillies got **Alvin Dark**, himself a veteran of 12 years and three World Series, and two young players. For Dark, being traded was nothing new. Philadelphia will be his fifth National League home.

FISHING—The **International Tuna Cup Match** at Wedgeport, N.S. was canceled for the second successive year, since only eight tuna were boated last season (compared to 1,700 in 1949) in Soldier's Rip off Wedgeport, once considered one of the world's great fishing holes.

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL—*BOSTON, leader in NBA Eastern Division standings; ST. LOUIS, leader in Western Division.*

BOWLING—*HARRY SMITH, St. Louis, and SYLVIA WENE, Philadelphia, all-star match-game bowling championships, Omaha.*

BOXING—*RALPH DUPAS, 10-round decision over Kenny Lane, welterweights, Mobile, Ala. EDDIE PERKINS, 10-round decision over Larry Boardman, welterweights, Miami Beach, Fla.*

FISHING—*J. FRENCH BALDWIN, Locust Valley, N.Y., and RUSSELL V. BOOM, Davenport, Iowa, tied for first in Stuart Sailfish Club light-tackles tournament, Stuart, Fla.*

FOOTBALL—*WEST ALL-STARS, annual Pro Bowl Game, 38–21, over East All-Stars, Los Angeles.*

GOLF—*DOW FINSTERWALD, Tequesta, Fla., $37,500 Los Angeles Open, with 280 for 72 holes.*

HOCKEY—*MONTREAL first, DETROIT second, TORONTO third in NHL standings. Last week's scores: Chicago 5, Detroit 2; Montreal 3, Toronto 1; Boston 6, New York 0; Detroit 3, Chicago 1; Toronto 3, New York 1; Montreal 8, Boston 2; Chicago 3, New York 1; Montreal 3, Boston 1; Detroit 4, Toronto 3.*

HORSE RACING—*SILVER SPOON: $20,000 Santa Monica Handicap, 7 f. in 1:23, by two lengths over Margaretta, Santa Anita, Calif. Eddie Arcaro up.*
NEW POLICY: $22,350 San Miguel Stakes, 6½ f. in 1:15 4/5, by a neck over Tompion, Santa Anita, Calif. Willie Shoemaker up.
ON-AND-ON: $63,500 Tropical Park Handicap, 1 1/8 m. in 1:46 3/5, by two lengths over Pointer, Tropical Park, Fla. Steve Brooks up.
ROMAN COLONEL: $29,850 Royal Poinciana Handicap, 6 f. in 1:09 1/5, by head over Alhambra, Hialeah, Fla. Lois Cook up.

MOTORCYCLE RACING — *ED MULDER, Palmdale, Calif., 39th Big Bear cross-country motorcycle race, Lucerne Valley, Calif. (Also-ran: one-time Olympic Decathlon Champion Bob Mathias, 105th in field of 203.)*

RUGBY—*ENGLAND over Wales, 14–6, Rugby Union international match, highest score against Welsh in 36 years.*

SKIING—*CLARENCE SERVOLD, Canada, national 15-km. cross-country championship, 1:06:26, Aspen Highlands, Colo.*

SKI JUMPING — *EINAR DOHLEN, Norway, Harold E. Doerr Memorial Trophy, with 207.9 points, Bear Mountain, N.Y.*

SQUASH—*AZAM KHAN, Canadian Open, over Roshan Khan, 15–11, 12–15, 18–14, 18–15, in Montreal.*

SWIMMING—*JOHN KONRADS, Australia, 880-yard freestyle, New South Wales championships, in 9 minutes, 13.8 seconds, Sydney.*

TENNIS—*ROY EMERSON, Australia, men's singles title, over Bob Hewitt, 6–3, 6–4, 6–3; MARIA BUENO, Brazil, women's singles title, over Christine Truman, 6–1, 6–1, South Australian championships, Adelaide.*

MILEPOSTS—*DOLPH SCHAYES, 6-foot 8-inch star of Syracuse Nationals, scored his 15,000th point in professional basketball play, over a career of 12 years. Schayes became the first man in National Basketball Association history to score 15,000.*
GORDIE HOWE, Detroit Red Wings forward, scored his 947th point, to surpass Maurice Richard of Montreal, idle for part of this season, in lifetime points in National Hockey League.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

5—Jerry Cooke, Bob Fellows, Fran Duval, A.P., Richard Meek, Bob Child, Howard DeWold; 6—Lexington Herald-Leader; 16, 17—Herb Scharlman; 22—A.P.; 23—Photo Max, Virendra Kumar; 26, 30—drawings by Ajay; 38, 39—Fair Grounds Racetrack (2); 45—map by Bill Charmatz; 46, 47—Evan Peskin; 50, 51—Lou Witt, Bill Bridges, Pat Coffey, James F. Coyne, Ed Bailey; 52—John Mazziotta, V. Thoma Kersh; 54—DeVere Helfrich; 55—Leo Hartford; 56, 59—Wallace Kirkland-LIFE; 57—Ken Heyman-LIFE; 58—Mrs. Homai Vyarawalla-LIFE; 60—Tony Triolo; 61—A.P., U.P.I.; 62—William Sumits-LIFE; 66—Flip Schulke-Black Star.

faces in the crowd . . .

KARLSCHRANZ, 21, part-time salesman from St. Anton, Austria, won Hahnenkamm giant slalom event at Kitzbühel in 1:30.2, became Austrians' favorite to succeed Toni Sailer as a gold medalist at Squaw Valley.

MIKE DAVIS, 24-year-old British Davis Cupper, waged heady backcourt game, used chops and slices to beat tennis granddaddy Gardnar Mulloy (46), 6–1, 0–6, 6–1, 6–4, for Dixie International Singles title.

SHARRON RISELING, 29-year-old fishing lure from Marathon Shores, Fla., won 5th annual billed fish tournament in West Palm Beach, making 12 catches for 2,490 points, including five sailfish caught on 12-pound test line.

BOB WATERFIELD, 39, one of pro football's best quarterbacks from 1945 until his retirement in 1952, signed five-year contract to coach his old team, the Los Angeles Rams, who lost 10 of their 12 games last season.

LORRAINE HANLON, 13, of Skating Club of Boston, displayed big smile and handsome promise as she swept school figures and free-skating event to win senior women's division of Eastern Figure Skating meet.

ONEIL J. WYNNE, in second place as he began final frame of 30th annual U.S. Duckpin Classic in New Haven, Conn., bowled strike and eight pins, good enough to win title, $1,500 and diamond-studded medal.

GEORGE E. BARNES, 59, Chicago stockbroker, was elected president of U.S. Lawn Tennis Association. His first move: reappointment of Perry Jones as head of national committee on open tennis (*see page 30*).

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

The big four all came crashing down. In a series of rousing games that ended the first half of the 1959-60 season, **Texas A&M, LaSalle, Villanova** and **Cincinnati** each met their first defeat. Next week most college teams will desert the courts and take on midterm exams.

"THE GAME went that-a-way," stern Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp informs wandering Guard Dickie Parsons (50), who stands in front of Kentucky bench.

THE MIDWEST

Cincinnati, despite a surprisingly easy victory over **St. Louis** 79–57, invaded **Bradley**'s Peoria gym, where the Braves had won 30 in a row, with justifiable trepidation. Though the marvelous Oscar Robertson scored 46 points, his teammates couldn't pick up the rest of the load, and Bradley won 91–90 *(see page 18)*, took over first place in the Missouri Valley Conference. Meanwhile, **Drake** turned hot, upset St. Louis 57–55.

In the Big Ten, **Northwestern** seemed to have adopted the slowdown tactics that are spreading across the country. Unfortunately for the Wildcats, **Ohio State** was of no mind to play that game. After crushing Delaware 109–38, the conference leaders wrapped Jerry Lucas' ailing ankle in tape, took advantage of his 28 points and rebounding to beat ball-controlling Northwestern 81–64. Said Northwestern Coach Bill Rohr: "It's like hunting elephants with a BB gun when they play tip-tap-two with that ball."

Illinois and **Iowa** were not giving up the title fight just yet, however. The Illini shrugged off 43 points by Terry Dischinger, **Purdue**'s brilliant sophomore, and whipped the Boilermakers 81–75, then outscored **Michigan State** 96–88. Hustling Iowa beat the same two opponents, outplaying Michigan State 92–79, Purdue 63–54.

Kansas State, over its early-season jitters, defeated **Oklahoma State** 54–49, **Oklahoma** 76–68, led the Big Eight after Oklahoma stopped **Iowa State** 65–47. Talented little Jimmy Darrow flipped in 52 points to help **Bowling Green** surprise Mid-America Conference leader **Toledo** 86–82 in overtime, but the Rockets shot back, whipped **Marshall** 61–53.

Notre Dame beat **DePaul** 73–70, **St. Francis** (Pa.) 75–56; **Detroit** outlasted **Marquette** 89–85. The top three:

1. BRADLEY (12-1)
2. CINCINNATI (13-1)
3. OHIO STATE (11-2)

THE SOUTH

Villanova, like Cincinnati, discovered there is no place like home. **West Virginia** lured the Easterners to Morgantown, where it had won 39 straight, turned Jerry West loose and won 89–81. West got 30 points, 14 rebounds and nine assists. Earlier, he had led the Mountaineers past **William & Mary** 94–72, **Virginia** 102–81.

Virginia Tech continued to threaten West Virginia's Southern Conference lead. Tech beat **Marshall** 79–72, got a welcome pickup from a rejuvenated Bob Ayersman (55 points in two games) to defeat **Davidson** 96–51, William & Mary 92–91 in overtime.

Georgia Tech's Coach John (Whack) Hyder was breathing easier after his Yellow Jackets ran away from **Mississippi** 91–66, **Georgia** 80–64, came back in the closing seconds to tie **Vanderbilt,** win in overtime 74–66. Roger Kaiser, with 32 points, was the Tech hero as he dropped in two foul shots with nine seconds left in the game, got the Jackets going in the extra period with a field goal. "We're over the hump," predicted Hyder. "We got the ones that counted."

While veteran Bill Lickert went for treatment of an ailing thigh, **Kentucky** did its best to keep step with Tech in the SEC race. Sid Cohen scored 26 points and the Wildcats beat **Tulane** 68–42, then set down **Tennessee** 78–68.

The picture in the Atlantic Coast Conference fell slightly out of focus in a weekend in which **Maryland** upset front-running **Duke** 56–48, and last-place **North Carolina State** beat **Wake Forest** 51–45. **North Carolina** managed to stay sharp, carefully shot its way past **NC State** 62–51, **Virginia** 76–57, moved into first place. The top three:

1. WEST VIRGINIA (15-1)
2. GEORGIA TECH (13-1)
3. NORTH CAROLINA (9-3)

THE SOUTHWEST

It took some doing, but **SMU** pulled the rug out from under **Texas A&M,** brought down the Aggies 66–64. The Mustangs' Kim Nash and Jan Loudermilk never let Carroll Broussard, brilliant Aggie sophomore jump-shooter, out of their sight, held him to four points while 6-foot 7-inch Steve Strange took command of the boards and scored 34 points. SMU had more trouble with much-beaten **Baylor,** barely edged the Bears 73–71 in overtime. **Texas** managed to get by **Arkansas** 72–66, but the Longhorns caught Broussard and Texas A&M on the rebound, lost 72–61. At week's end, Arkansas rolled over **Rice** 74–63, joined Texas A&M, Texas and SMU in a four-way tie for the Southwest Conference lead.

Border Conference leader **New Mexico State** showed little regard for home-court streaks, made itself very much at home in Tempe while ending **Arizona State**'s 21-game string 66–58, added a 71–57 victory over **Texas Western.** The top three:

1. TEXAS A&M (11-1)
2. SMU (10-4)
3. NEW MEXICO STATE (13-3)

THE EAST

Philadelphia was suddenly shorn of its undefeated teams. **LaSalle,** back from Kentucky with a 63–58 win over **Morehead State,** gave in grudgingly to **Syracuse** and Ed Goldberg, who proved too hot to handle, 91–84 in double overtime. However, the Explorers recovered in time to edge **Georgetown** 80–79.

Dartmouth was still atop the Ivy League after trouncing **Harvard** 66–53 and 71–56, but **Princeton** and **Cornell** were in strong positions to challenge the Indians. The Tigers upset **Brown** 71–57; Cornell was in second place after overcoming **Columbia** 76–72.

NYU tightened up its defenses, held

Army to three field goals in the last half and won 60-50; **St. Joseph's** easily defeated **Lehigh** 83-69, **Muhlenberg** 85-71; **St. John's** showed improvement, beat **Georgetown** 87-78; perplexed **Manhattan** lost to **Hofstra** 67-57 and **Navy** 84-51; **St. Bonaventure's** sharpshooting Tom Stith tossed in 63 points, including the winning ones, as the Bonnies outshot the NIBL's Cleveland Pipers 123-121 in an overtime exhibition game. The top three:

1. NYU (9-2)
2. VILLANOVA (10-1)
3. ST. JOSEPH'S (11-3)

THE WEST

It was UCLA's turn to upset the form. Coach Johnny Wooden scrambled his lineup, came up with the right combination and watched his Bruins beat **USC** 63-62. Center John Berberich provided the scoring punch with 23 points, gave UCLA control of the boards. Next night it was USC's Coach Forrest Twogood who applied a shakeup. He benched leading scorer Johnny Werhas, and the Trojans ran away from **Oregon State** 84-59. But **California** still had the best system: a steady lineup and tenacious defense, careful shooting and superb rebounding by Darrall Imhoff and Bill McClintock. All ingredients were in fine working order as Cal turned back **Washington State** 54-43, **Washington** 79-39.

Utah State's Coach Cec Baker, normally a taciturn man, was jumping with joy after his durable Aggies thumped **Wyoming** 88-60 and **Colorado State** 73-65, zoomed to the top of the Skyline Conference. But **Utah,** still smarting from its defeat at the hands of the Aggies, was far from finished. The Utes clubbed unsuspecting **New Mexico** 112-81, got Billy *(The Hill) McGill to shoot over* **Denver's** collapsing defense for 20 points and won 75-62. Said McGill: "Every time I got the ball, seemed like everybody collapsed on me. I thought they had five men and their bench on me at the same time." The top three:

1. CALIFORNIA (14-1)
2. UTAH STATE (13-2)
3. UTAH (13-2)

THE PROS

The **Boston** Celtics reacted like the old pros they are when **Philadelphia** ran its winning streak to 10 and barged within 2½ games of first place in the East. Bob Cousy rallied the slumping Celts, helped them beat the Warriors twice, 124-112 and 129-123. The wins boosted Boston's lead back to 4½ games. Pro basketball was still looking for a way to stop Wilt Chamberlain, who picked up 166 points in four games, but the big Warrior last week had to take second honors to two veterans: **Syracuse's** Dolph Schayes, who became the first player in league history to score 15,000 points *(see page 25)*, and **Cincinnati's** Jack Twyman, who got 59 *points against Minneapolis.* **END**

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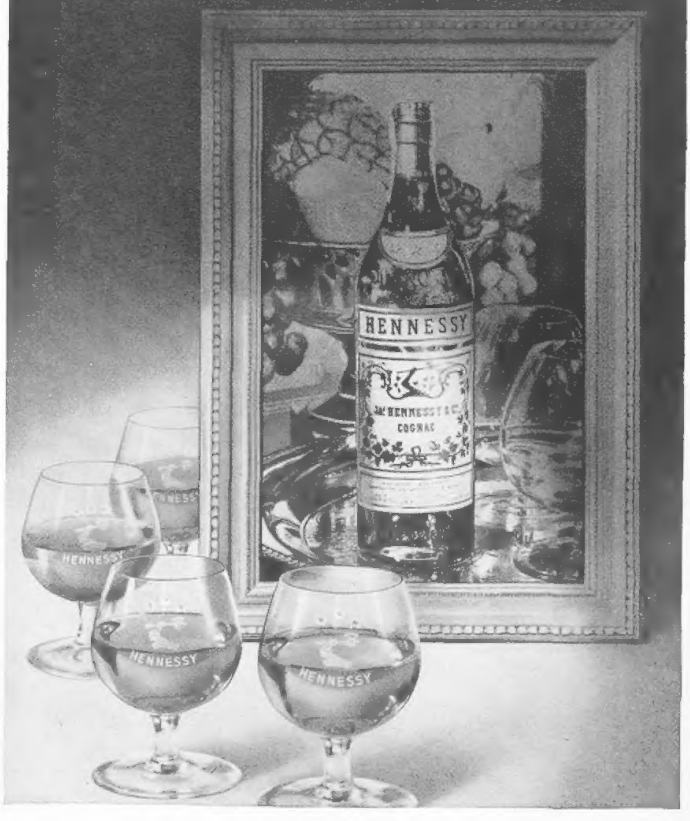

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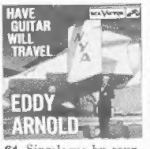

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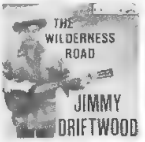

205. NARAS award-winning tunesmith sings his own hit *Tennessee Stud* plus 11 folk songs for the whole family.

206. Ballads and "beguines" by new vocal sensation. *Star Dust, As Time Goes By, Daddy, Be My Love*, more.

207. Expert piano versions of Current pantry hits. *Let the Way, Around the World, Tammy, Just in Time, Volare*, etc.

208. New high version of Kern-Hammerstein hit. Julie Andrews, Giorgio Tozzi. *Indian Love Call*, other favorites.

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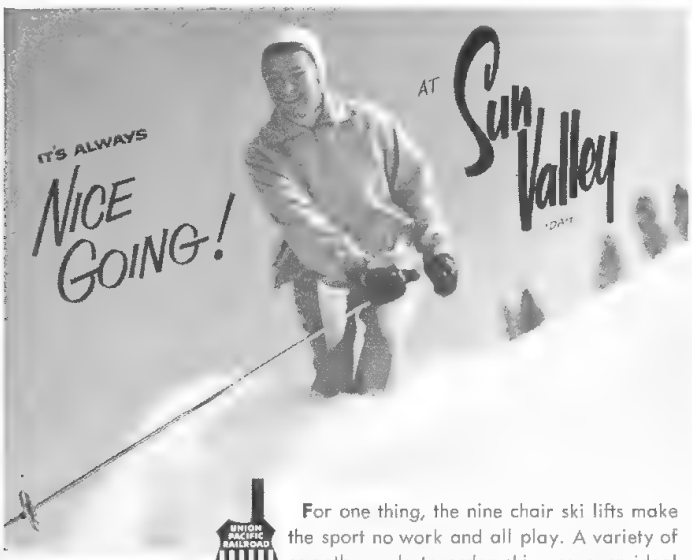

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COMING EVENTS

January 22 to January 28
All times are E.S.T.

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, January 22

BASKETBALL college
Bradley vs. Notre Dame at Chicago
Brigham Young at Utah
pro
East-West All-Star Game, Philadelphia

BOXING
◉ Robinson vs. Pender, middle title bout (Mass. and N.Y.), 15 rds., Boston, 10 p.m. (NBC).

HOCKEY
U.S. Olympic team vs. University of Minnesota, Minneapolis (also Jan. 23)

TRACK & FIELD
Los Angeles Invitational, Los Angeles

Saturday, January 23

BASKETBALL college
Cincinnati at Duquesne.
Houston at Miami
Ohio State at Purdue
St. Joseph's (Pa.) vs. Providence, Pennsylvania vs. Villanova, at Philadelphia
Tennessee at Georgia Tech
pro
Cincinnati at St. Louis
New York at Minneapolis
◉ Philadelphia at Detroit, 2:15 p.m. (NBC).
Syracuse at Boston

BOBSLEDDING
World Championship, 2 man, Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy (also Jan. 24)

GOLF
◉ All-Star Golf series, Locke vs. Kroll, 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

HOCKEY
Boston at Toronto
Detroit at Montreal
◉ New York at Chicago, 2 p.m. (CBS)

HORSE RACING
★ The Royal Palm, $25,000 added, Hialeah Park, ■ Fla. (NBC).*
San Marcos Handicap, $25,000 added, Santa Anita, Calif.
San Pasqual Handicap, $25,000 added, Santa Anita, Calif.
U.S. Olympic jumping final trials and International Meet, Ishpeming, Mich. (also Jan. 24)

Sunday, January 24

BASKETBALL pro
◉ Boston at Syracuse (NBC).*
New York at St. Louis
Philadelphia at Cincinnati

GOLF
◉ World Championship Golf series, Wall vs. Hatis, 1:30 p.m. (NBC)
◉ Bing Crosby National, $50,000, final day, Del ■ Monte, Calif. (ABC).*

RODEO
◉ Western Championship Rodeo, 3 p.m. (CBS).

SKIING
U.S. Olympic Nordic final trials, Steamboat Springs, Colo. (through Jan. 31)

Monday, January 25

BASKETBALL college
Kentucky at Georgia Tech
(pro)
Detroit at Philadelphia.

Tuesday, January 26

GOLF
PGA Seniors' champs., $15,000, Dunedin, Fla. (through Jan. 31).

HOCKEY
U.S. Olympic team vs. University of Minnesota, Duluth, Minn.

Wednesday, January 27

BOXING
◉ Hank vs. Bowdry, light heavies, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)

SKATING
U.S. Figure Skating Champs., Seattle (through Jan. 30)

Thursday, January 28

GOLF
San Diego Open, $20,000, San Diego, Calif. (through Jan. 31)

HOCKEY
Montreal at Detroit.

RACQUETS
Western Singles and Doubles Champs., Detroit (through Jan. 31)

* See local listing

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
JANUARY 25, 1960

SEVEN FEET UP

The world's best high jumper comes back from surgery to pass the magic mark once again

by KENNETH RUDEEN

JOHN THOMAS of Boston University stepped gracefully out onto the floor of the Boston Garden before 10,000 spectators at last Saturday's Knights of Columbus track meet, first big meet of the 1960 season. A year before he had been the precocious 17-year-old sensation of the track world, the first man ever to jump seven feet indoors, a world-record-breaker (the picture at the right shows the historic moment last February at the U.S. indoor championships when Thomas cleared 7 feet 1¼ inches, the highest jump ever, indoors or out), the most exciting athlete to emerge in track and field since the arrival of supermiler Herb Elliott. He was America's bright new hope against the Russians in the dual meet scheduled for Philadelphia last July and a red-hot future-book favorite for the Olympics.

Then he suffered a serious injury when his left foot, the foot he takes off from, was ripped and torn in an

continued

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

elevator accident. He underwent a delicate operation, had skin grafts. He missed the entire outdoor track season, including the dual meet with the Russians, and not until the fall did rumors come out of Boston that John Thomas was jumping again.

When the rumors came, they came thick and fast. Thomas was jumping seven feet in practice, it was reported. No comment, said Boston University Track Coach Doug Raymond. He had cleared 7 feet 2 in practice. No comment, said Raymond's assistant, Field Events Coach Ed Flanagan.

The only clear facts were these: Ed Flanagan said Thomas was just about as good as ever; the track fan himself would not find out if this was so until Thomas jumped in the K of C games, his first competition since his injury 10 months earlier.

And so, last Saturday night, Ed Flanagan wished his charge good luck and sent him into action. And John Curtis Thomas, high jumper extraordinary, went out and jumped, without missing once, 6 feet 2½, 6 feet 4½, 6 feet 6½, 6 feet 8½, 6 feet 10½ and, finally, smashingly, 7 feet ½. He had come back.

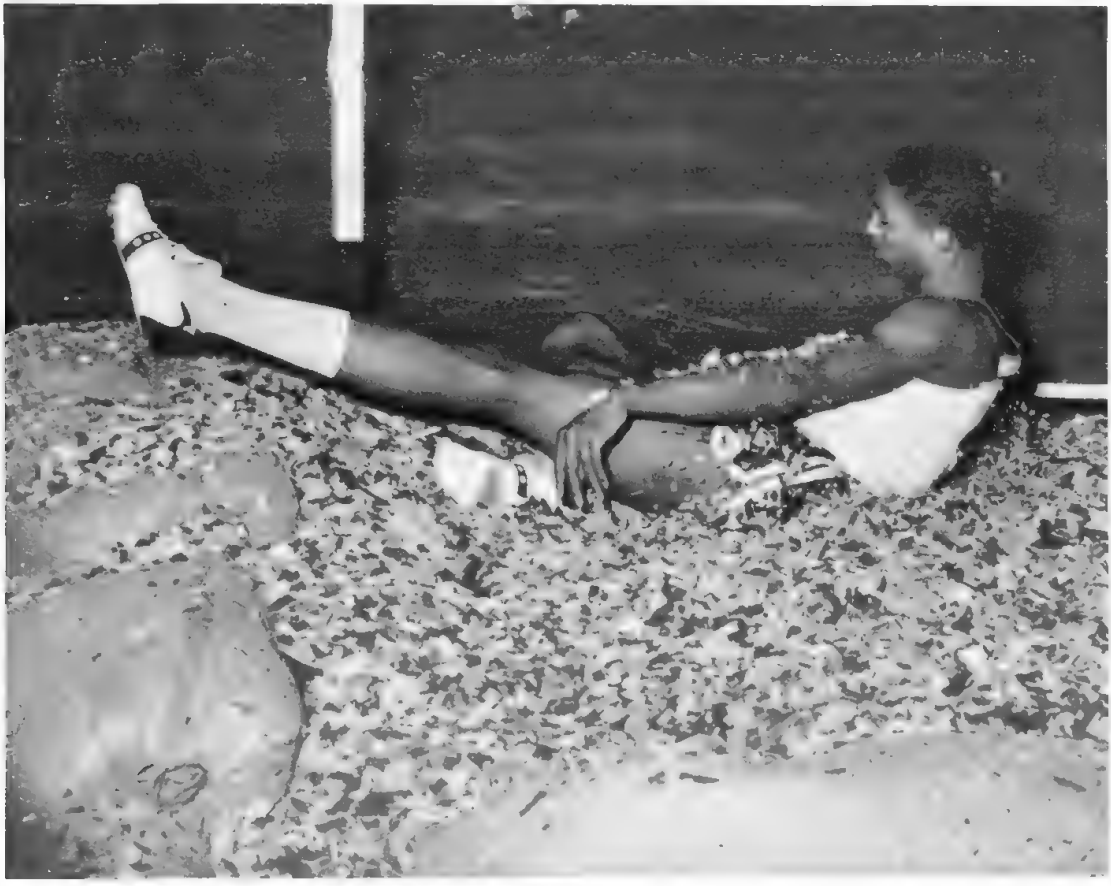
IN JOHN'S SHADOW

And this fact utterly overshadowed the other events of a meet that was unusually good for so early in the season. Tom Murphy, the U.S. 800-meter champion, was caught napping in the stretch and was beaten by Yale's Tom Carroll in a fast (2:09.2) 1,000-yard run. Jim Stack, Carroll's teammate at Yale, ran away with the 600. Chicago's Phil Coleman, after toiling in the shadow of Ron Delany for so many years, tasted sweet victory in the mile. Don Bragg, his eye on the Olympics, did 15 feet 4 inches in the pole vault. Leonard (Buddy) Edelen, an unheralded distance man from Minnesota, ran the favored Deacon Jones into the ground in the three-mile race to win in the excellent early-season time of 13:58. Olympic Champion Lee Calhoun won the hurdles.

But the important thing was that John Thomas was back, fit and in the mood for an aggressive push toward a gold medal at Rome. It didn't really matter that Thomas missed three times at 7 feet 2¼ inches. He was almost as impressive in the brilliant near misses at that would-be world-record height, which gave promise of sensational jumps to come, as he was in clearing 7 feet ½ inch.

John Thomas' great potential was first glimpsed when he was in high school, at Rindge Tech in Cambridge, Mass. He had been jumping with an old-fashioned belly-roll style, but at the urging of his coach, Tom Duffy, he switched to the straddle roll he uses today. It took an entire year for Thomas to acquire the new technique and occasionally, almost in despair at ever learning it, he reverted to the belly roll. But Duffy discovered that Thomas was ambitious—"he was always fighting to be the

NARROW FAILURE, FULL OF THE PROMISE OF FUTURE TRIUMPH, CAME TO JOHN THOMAS WHEN HE TRIED THREE TIMES TO BEAT

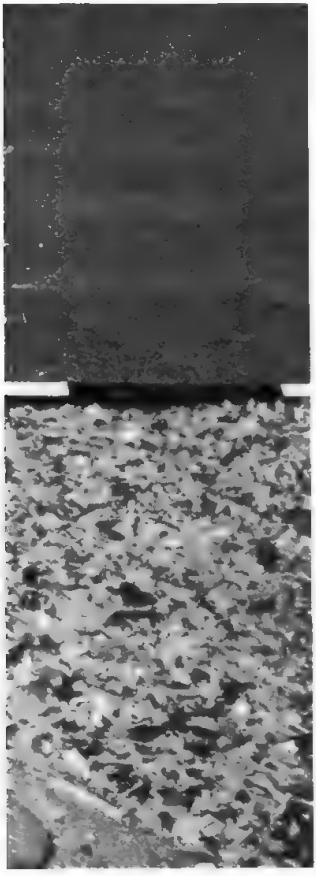


best." Duffy persevered with his teaching, and Thomas learned.

Before he was out of high school he jumped 6 feet 8¼ and earned a trip to Japan with a touring AAU track and field group. There he jumped 6 feet 10⅝. That autumn he entered Boston University, a few miles down the Charles River from Rindge Tech, came under the guidance of Raymond and Flanagan and became famous. He set a new world indoor record of 6 feet 11¾ in his first big indoor meet, broke that with his first seven-foot jump and broke that with his winning jump in the national indoor championships. Then he injured his foot—the foot that is to high jumping what Birgitt Nilsson's vocal cords are to Wagnerian opera.

When he left the hospital last May 17 Thomas took things very easy for a while. Then he began to do a bit of swimming and sunning at a New Hampshire Boy Scout camp. Back in Boston, he commenced some tentative running and weight lifting.

HIS OWN WORLD RECORD LAST WEEK



On August 26 he jumped for the first time after the injury. He reached 6 feet 3. Two days later it was a solid 6 feet 5. Heavier exercise followed when he worked out as a guest with the Boston University football team in camp at Peterborough, N.H. When the school term opened he reduced his daily training sessions to 45 minutes and began to hit the books; he had dropped out of school after the injury and is now just finishing his second freshman semester. But even at 45 minutes a day he began to push back up toward 7 feet.

Intrigued by some of the rumors about his practice jumps, a visitor met Thomas with considerable awe last week in Myles Standish Hall on the Boston University campus. For all his youth and height (he is 6 feet 5½ inches tall now and weighs 194 pounds, compared to 6 feet 4¾ and 185 last winter), Thomas is an easy-moving fellow and carries himself with a shy sort of dignity. His wary eyes are unblinking in a strong, triangular face. Yes, he was keen to win an Olympic medal. "It would be an honor just to go." Yes, he had given advice to teen-agers at church and scout meetings. What advice? "Oh, I probably told them to lead a good life. Try to keep occupied. Try to get through school."

Although Thomas is exceptionally reserved with people he doesn't know, Flanagan says he is really an outgoing boy who mixes easily with his fellow students, and with those he knows well, "a terrific heckler." The relationship between Flanagan and Thomas is a relaxed and friendly one, probably no small factor in Thomas' development into greatness as a high jumper.

Flanagan kept publicity pressure off Thomas during his convalescence by refusing to disclose his jump figures, and he did this even when he was badgered by his good friend Clarence (Ding) Dussault, director of the K of C meet. Flanagan was secretly amused by the extravagant practice heights credited to Thomas by others. The very best he actually did, it seems, was about 6 feet 9—which meant to Flanagan that Thomas was ready for 7 feet in competition. His best practice figure before last year's world record jump was 6 feet 9½.

Possibly because of this casual environment in training, Thomas appears to be oblivious to pressure. Last week during the suspenseful premeet days he moved about the BU campus with seeming unconcern. He demonstrated the steps of a new dance for a couple of classmates, played a few hands of a card game called kitty whist in the barnlike student common, spun a few progressive jazz records in his green-walled fifth-floor dormitory room.

Then it was Saturday night and the Boston Garden.

"He isn't in midseason form," said Ed Flanagan. "His timing may not be just right. But he should be in the neighborhood of 7 feet."

ICICLES AND BUTTERFLIES

To the thousands in the Garden, Thomas' form looked magnificent. After each of the early, effortless jumps, he sat, stretched, walked back and forth and occasionally called up to Flanagan's box for instructions. No competitor on the floor was calmer. ("Nothing bothers John," Flanagan said.) He is an icicle in an event notorious for its psychological havoc. At some level or other the bar becomes a frightening thing for most jumpers. Not for Thomas. The butterflies always go away, he says, after the first jump.

When Thomas jumped he simply let the muscle memory implanted with such care in practice take over from conscious thought. Running toward the bar at an angle of precisely 36° (like all jumpers he does a lot of studying of angles and distances in practice), he took four easy steps ("like a big jungle cat stalking something," said Flanagan), then three staccato ones, dug the spiked heel of his now-healthy left foot into the boards, kicked high with his right leg and rolled over the bar. Only gritty George Dennis of Philadelphia stayed with Thomas through 6 feet 10½. After 7 feet ½ inch Thomas was all alone.

At 7 feet 2½ he flew upward once, twice, three times. Twice he would have made it except for small timing errors at the summit that caused his trailing leg to brush the bar after his body had cleared it.

"Well," said Flanagan, "he had the height. He was up there. We'll just have to improve his timing with practice.

"You know, John had never even seen the bar at that height. I wanted him to take a look at it. I'm confident he'll do 7 feet 2 this winter." **END**

Photographs by Art Shay

A MIGHTY ROAR IN PEORIA

The home-town folks saw a wonderful game when Bradley beat Cincinnati, the top-ranked college basketball team

by JEREMIAH TAX

THE DAY BEFORE Cincinnati came to town, Coach Chuck Orsborn was putting his Bradley squad through special drills. Cincinnati was the nation's No. 1 college basketball team, with a 13 0 record as well as the top scorer and best all-round player in Oscar Robertson. Bradley is in Peoria, Ill. where, Orsborn says, "everybody is crazy about basketball and we get wonderful support." For the Cincinnati game the Bradley field house (8,000 seats) had been sold out since Thanksgiving.

Watching his players, Orsborn said, "We're not a very impressive bunch to look at, are we? Scrawny, not really fast and just fair height. Every center we face in our conference is bigger than our Chet Walker, and he's 6 feet 6. We may be the worst free-throw shooters in the country. We're hitting about 60% of our fouls, and that's terrible.

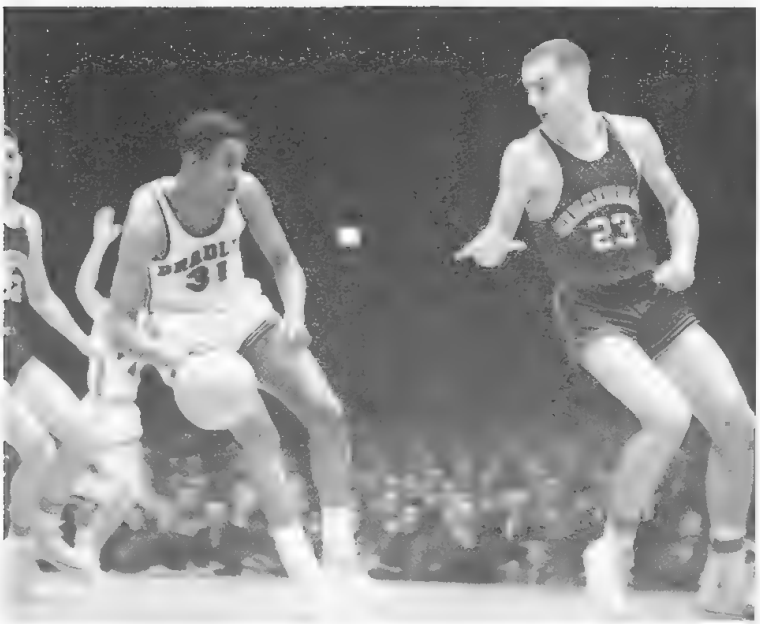
"But we're in condition. I'm a fanatic on that. We really work hard before the season opens. For one thing, I want our kids to be able to play a whole game without having to call a time-out. I don't want the other team to be able to rest on my time. It's important to have a few time-outs left at the end of a close game for strategic reasons, so you can set up a play or help kill the clock. I like to play straight man-for-man on defense. We always play Oscar that way. I figure he's going to get his share of points anyway, and if you try something special on him you're bound to weaken yourself elsewhere."

A sharp-faced, lean 6-footer whose hair is beginning to go, Orsborn is rarely without a cigar or cigarette in his lips and a roll of stomach-aids in his pocket. He has won 79 games and lost only 19 since coming to Bradley. At 42 he is as good a basketball coach as there is in the country. He likes Peoria ("Peoria isn't so small that everyone knows what you're having for dinner") and, in fact, will gladly tell you he has the "best basketball coaching job in the country." He lives in a small, cheerful house near the Bradley field house with his pretty blonde wife Janet and their three children.

Twice in the two days before the Cincinnati game he ran off for his players the films of their December game in Cincinnati, which they lost by 15 points. The darkened room was silent except for an occasional comment by Orsborn. "See what you did wrong there, Chet?" "That was a foolish foul, Al."

Actually, it had been a very close game until the last few minutes; then Bradley fell apart. The fact impressed the players. When they had gone, Orsborn talked about his profession. "The practice and the games are the easiest part. First you've got to recruit the kids and keep them happy and eligible for four years. You've got to be a father to 15 kids all with different problems and personalities. I've got a problem right now with Chet Walker. He's only a sophomore but he's got everything you need to be an All-America, only he doesn't play anywhere near his potential."

CHET WALKER (31), BRADLEY HERO, ELUDES LARRY WILLY (23), SANDY POMERANTZ



TEARS IN THE LOCKER ROOM

"I haven't figured out how to get to him yet. Every kid requires a different approach. In his very first game on the varsity Chet scored 28 points in the first half, terrific. In the locker room at half time I was telling each kid what he'd done right and wrong and I told Walker he'd been making some mistakes on defense. I went on talking and when I looked back he was dabbing away at his eyes. Can you imagine that? No, I haven't figured out how to handle him yet."

The next day Orsborn told his team, "Last night I saw a high school team sink 20 free throws in 21 attempts and they won their game by one point. It could happen to us.

AT SUSPENSEFUL MOMENT, BRADLEY COACH CHUCK ORSBORN AND A WIDE-MOUTHED PARTISAN CROWD HOLLER ENCOURAGEMENT

You're all good shooters. Put those free throws in. Just be confident they'll go in and they will.

"Now, Walker, you know how much depends on you. You can do everything Oscar does. But so far he seems to want to play more than you do." Then Orsborn dismissed them.

A few hours later they were back, to put on one of the best-played and most exciting college games of this or any other year. Cincinnati started a first team that was two or three inches taller than Bradley's at every position. Cincinnati's statistical record was better in every important department: free throws, field goals, total points, rebounds. And they quickly demonstrated why this was the case.

With Robertson dominating the game on deceptive drives, amazing shooting and sleight-of-hand ball handling, Cincinnati ran away to a 21-12 lead before Bradley called time-out for strategic reasons. Orsborn changed his defense from a zone, with which he had tried to surprise Cincinnati, back to his usual man-for-man, and he changed his offense from a loose outside-shooting affair, also calculated to surprise, back to a normal single pivot.

Immediately the game turned from a near rout into a taut contest which drove the Peorians wild. The Bradley field house was awash with noise the rest of the night. By half time Bradley was only three points behind, 47-44. The team had made 82% of its free throws, and Chet Walker had demonstrated he really could play basketball with the likes of Oscar Robertson.

KEEPING UP WITH OSCAR

In the second half the lead changed hands 12 times. Walker and teammates Al Saunders and Bobby Joe Mason between them kept up with Oscar Robertson's rapid-fire point production. Suddenly there were only two minutes to play, and Bradley was behind 84-83.

MIKE OWENS, the winning captain, wore the basket net in locker room celebration.

Orsborn called another time-out and ordered a full-court press. Forty seconds from the end, Bradley gained a one-point lead, 89-88, with a magnificent drive and stuff shot by Walker. Orsborn called time-out again. Play resumed with Bradley in the backcourt killing time. When only 18 seconds remained, Orsborn, having hoarded his time-outs, was able to call still another so that Bradley could start again at midcourt. The ball was given to team Captain Mike Owens, and Cincinnati was forced to foul him to get possession. Owens, a stocky little youngster with a Mickey Mouse face and all the confidence in the world, stepped to the free-throw line and sank both shots without pausing for breath. Cincinnati had the ball but there just wasn't time enough left to win. Robertson dribbled in for a layup, with the whole Bradley team, aware that a three-point foul would tie the game, giving him plenty of room. He put the ball through the basket for the last of his remarkable 46 points just as the buzzer sounded. Bradley won 91-90.

After a riotous locker-room session with his team, Chuck Orsborn managed his first public smile of the day. "Now you see," he asked, "why this is the best coaching job in the country?" **END**

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

RUNNING ON THE WIND AT 110 MPH

FOR Jerry Maus of Oshkosh, Wis. no sporting thrill can match iceboating—a speeding splinter skittering on the wind at better than 100 mph, tipping suddenly on one razor-sharp runner, hanging a hair's breadth away from trouble. And for Jerry (*shown at left*) and 50 other iceboaters last week the risk was all a part of the fun as they swept across the varishaded surface of Wisconsin's Lake Winnebago in the Northwest Ice Yacht Association Regatta.

On one superb racing day the ice skippers set their teeth and rode the bone-chilling breeze to hit 110 mph. Such days are rare in a sport subject to the vagaries of wind and ice, and therefore much appreciated. Rhapsodized one racer, speaking for all: "Like floating on a cloud."

Photographs by Nicks Lauritzen

FREE-FOR-ALL race, open to all classes, was won by veteran iceboater Bill Perrigo, Pewaukee, Wis., shown approaching the finish line in his *Thunder Jet*.

READY FOR WEATHER is Oshkosh Sailmaker Lincoln Foster, surrounded by day's garb, which includes two sets of underwear, a vest and two jackets.

MASKED RACER. Dick Nelson of Madison, Wis., protects his face from flying ice shavings.

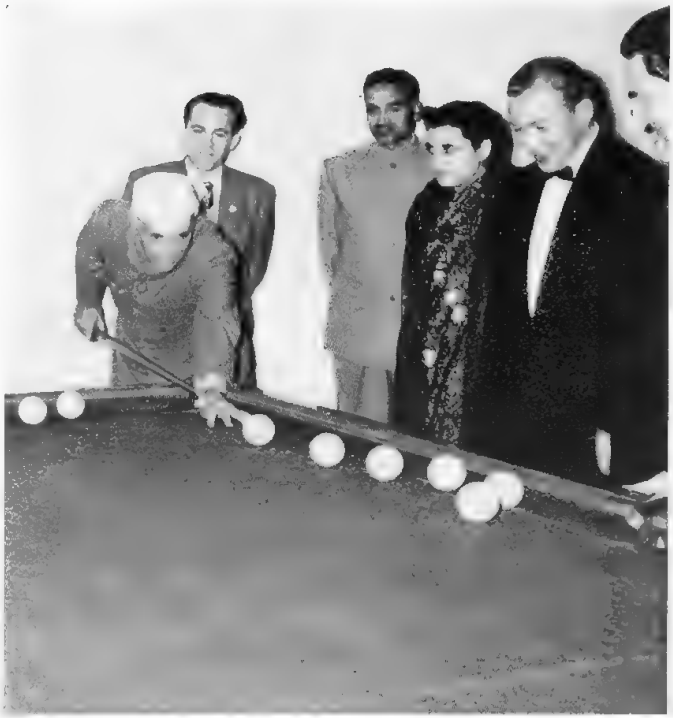
TUNE-UPS AND TRYOUTS

FROM St. Louis to New Delhi last week, cameras caught some famous people in pursuits they are not famous for: the spiritual leader of 20 million Moslems taking a competitive spin down a slalom run at St. Moritz; the Prime Minister of a vast republic testing his cue stick skill on the green baize table of sport and diplomacy; a pair of skating champions in sisterly song at the family piano; a veteran baseball player in the uniform of the gymnasium. Tuning up or trying out, these celebrities provided the photograph album of the young year 1960 with some fresh and novel entries.

GYMNAST is Stan Musial, 39, of the St. Louis Cardinals, who hopes that with winter exercise regimen he can have a better baseball summer than last year. Following a six-week calisthenics program prescribed by Cardinal Trainer Bob Bauman, he finds himself "doing exercises I haven't done since I was a kid." He found that, from lack of practice, he could do only four push-ups at first. His aim is 25. "It looks easy," said Stan, "but, man, it isn't."

SINGERS are World Champion Figure Skater Carol Heiss, 20 (*left*), and sister Nancy, 18, both of them girls to be reckoned with in Olympic competition until Nancy was sidelined with a fractured ankle a fortnight ago. One event in which they can still perform together is the piano duet, and in this one they are conducted in a favorite, *O Tannenbaum*, by their father. Nancy hopes to be at Squaw Valley as Carol goes for the figure skating gold medal.

SKIER on the slopes of St. Moritz is Aga Khan, 23, Shi'ite Moslem leader and onetime Harvard soccer player. Despite meager time for ski practice, he did well enough in early events of British Alpine championships, including a third-place finish in slalom, to be considered for the British team at the Squaw Valley Olympics. His outstanding form was the talk of St. Moritz, but, to the sorrow of his fans, a tumble, and resulting lost time, ruled him out.



SNOOKER-SHOOTING statesman is India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. On a visit to the new Soviet embassy in New Delhi he was shown the swimming pool, theater and chess room, then invited to try his hand in the billiard room. He hit only a few informal shots, but his stance and cue handling suggested he was no stranger to the game. Observing the Prime Minister are Soviet embassy aides and Nehru's daughter, Indira, wife of Pheroze Gandhi.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

What Became of Sportsmanship?

LEIGHTON HOUSH, the executive sports editor of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune,* in a speech last week to a meeting of sportswriters in Austin, Texas had some sharp things to say about sports fans, coaches—and sportswriters:

"Currently the United States is caught in a period of critical self-appraisal. Maybe the Russians and their moon rockets brought it on. I wouldn't know, but I do know that sports have not escaped and ought not to escape.

"We have got to have more people who know right from wrong, who are not afraid to dig out the facts in unsavory cases and write the story.

"Such people will not be popular but they will be respected. Some coaches and managers, and many of the more rabid fans, will criticize them bitterly. But they will be professional newspapermen—not volunteer tub-thumpers—doing a professional job of seeking out and writing the truth as they see it.

"Who knows? Maybe eventually those almost abandoned words such as 'honor' and 'sportsmanship' will acquire once more some meaning and appear now and then in print with the unceasing stream of statistics and ratings that now pass for news.

"And who is responsible for the sad fact that the phrase 'building character' almost always draws a snicker and is taken to mean that the coach has had an unsuccessful season?

"And isn't it a sign of the times that every sports editor finds one of his most difficult year-end jobs is to remember a single instance of sportsmanship worthy of nomination for the Swede Nelson Sportsmanship Award?

"Certainly you'd have to bypass the man from Purdue who spied on Iowa's practice from a tree; the zealous USC tackle who drew Pete Elliott's wrath for slugging but who was made Lineman of the Week by the Football Writers of the area; or any of the coaches who made news in 1959 by using game films to second-guess officials.

"Red Blaik, one of the most articulate defenders of college football, calls the game the nearest thing to actual warfare. I think there is, and ought to be, a difference.

" 'Victory at any cost' is a proper slogan in the emergency of war. No athletic contest ever should be that important—not even Texas vs. Oklahoma.

"Football, to be sure, is an emotional game, and the reflecting of a certain amount of it in coverage is essential on some games, but isn't it possible we have gone too far in this direction?

"What is needed, in my judgment, is some newspaper leadership toward sanity in dealing not only with football but with all sports. For let's face it, we are at least in some measure responsible for the creation of a disgraceful climate that makes the hanging of a losing coach in effigy almost automatic each fall.

"It seems to me we can do a much better job of helping the genuine football fan 'grow up,' actually to learn something about the game and to realize the inescapable fact that when one team wins another just naturally has to lose."

Restlessness in Seattle

WANTED: *Swiss Family Robinson. Is your family one of the hundred adventuresome families with the spirit of America's pioneers needed to establish a model community on a beautiful Pacific island in conjunction with a scientific expedition and social planning group? If so, call MAin 3-6540. . . .*

Ever since this classified ad beckoned in Seattle's newspapers several weeks ago, hundreds of residents of a seasonally gray city have turned up, in curiosity or longing, at the headquarters of the Island Development Company; some 40 families have regularly attended Saturday night meetings, submitted to psychological tests to determine compatibility and signed on for memberships at $2,500 a family. In a land where other heirs of the Oregon Trail tradition are content to fish, play golf, ride horseback and climb mountains, the Island Developers are aiming for San Cristobal, one of the Galápagos Islands off the coast of Ecuador.

There they hope to run a coffee plantation, catch lobster, produce agar-agar (a seaweed jelly), transport

They Said It

WILT CHAMBERLAIN, *7 feet one inch, asked by a young fan what he should do to become a basketball star: "The first thing is become 7 feet tall."*

GINO MARCHETTI, *Baltimore Colt end, accepting a pro football "Lineman of the Year" award: "It's a great honor. I truly deserve it."*

BOBBY LOCKE, *South African golfer, on Tommy Bolt's vocabulary: "When you play some of the Yanks you've got to switch off your hearing aid."*

EARLY WYNN, *Chicago White Sox pitcher, 40, on his retirement plans: "Somebody will have to come out and take the uniform off me, and the guy who comes after it better bring help."*

tuna in two refrigerator ships, eat watermelons, pineapples, limes and papayas, raise cattle. They plan to construct a port, marine repair facilities, a resort hotel, a college, hospital, roads and recreation facilities. "But we have to keep this on a realistic basis," cautions Alex Reuss, 25, a former insurance salesman who is vice-president of Island Development. "We can't think too big."

Organized last February with Don Harrsch, 33, a swashbuckling ex-tugboat captain, as president, Island Development has already made a $30,000 down payment on a 65,000-acre coffee plantation (virtually all of San Cristobal), including houses, warehouses, freezer plants, a short-wave radio station and 197,000 coffee trees.

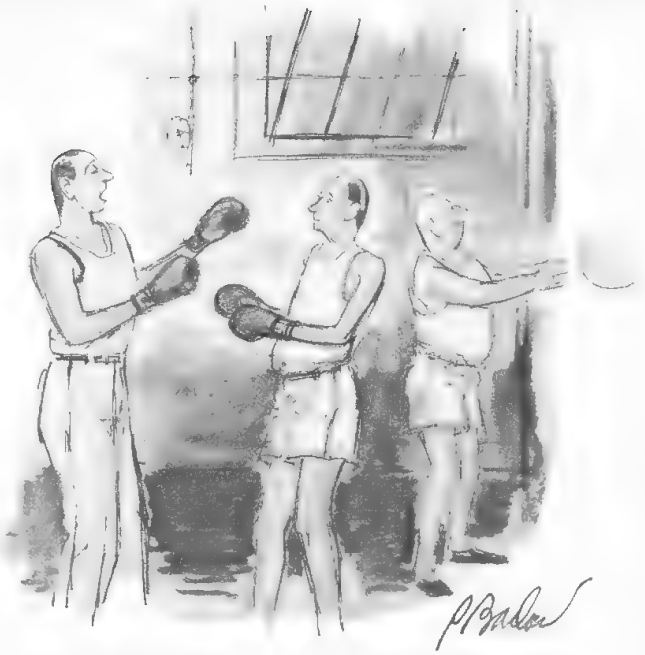
Once the settlers reach San Cristobal, they anticipate that their lives will take an immediate turn for the better. "We'll have a healthier life," says Reuss. "Everybody will have a month's vacation. There are no diseases or poisonous snakes down there, and the islands are cooled by the Humboldt Current. We'll save a third of our earnings for promoting science in whatever way we can. It was there that Darwin formulated his theory of evolution, you know."

Accordingly, at San Cristobal, the Island Development Company will change its name to Filiate Science Antrorse, which, according to the company's notably free translation of the Latin, means "Together with science we move forward."

But there will be a slight delay. Last week, after sailing from Seattle, rounding Cape Flattery and heading south along the Washington coast toward Cape Disappointment, the 30-year-old refrigerator ship *Alert*, carrying a vanguard of 19 adventurers, limped into Grays Harbor, Wash. after taking water up to the plates in her engine room. All aboard were seasick.

Gulled

MOST GOLFERS want birdies, but not Danny Alupo, proprietor of a driving range at Wanamassa, N.J. Thousands of sea gulls have taken over his fairway. "I've tried everything to get rid of them," says Alupo. "They stole 450 of my golf balls. The dopes must think they are eggs. Anyway, they bury them."



"All right, Mr. Hayes, I'm an arrogant Treasury man who's just disallowed a big depreciation item."

Dolph Runs up 15,000

NOW in his 12th year as a professional basketball player, 6-foot 8-inch Dolph Schayes of the Syracuse Nationals is a modern rarity: a big man who doesn't have to drive in close to score; he can drop them in from 30 feet out. Schayes takes his long shot in the old-fashioned manner—with two hands—and it rises in a high, looping arc before falling through the net with a sound of whipping cords. Often as not, the sight and the sound so elate Dolph that he raises a clenched hand over his head, shaking the fist in spontaneous salute to a basket well shot.

Schayes had no such long shot when he played college basketball for New York University. "I gave it too much push with my right hand," he explains. "But one season I broke my right wrist and had to work more with my left. That equalized the hands and the long shot got better. It was actually a turning point for me."

Schayes was a frail, gawky youngster at NYU, and he had to content himself with sticking up a cranelike arm to poke in a rebound, or pushing in a layup over the head of a defensive man half a foot shorter. He was so awkward there was considerable doubt whether he would make the grade as a professional. But Schayes had basketball fever: "My ambition has always been to walk down the street and hear someone say, 'There goes the greatest basketball player there is.'" The Syracuse Nationals took a chance on Dolph in 1948, and he has been with them ever since, playing regularly, scoring regularly and developing some thoughts of his own about the game.

"I'd like to see a line on the court," he says, "and shots beyond that line would count three points. Close-in shots would count two, same as now, but tip-ins would only count one. It takes more skill to score from farther out, and it ought to be rewarded."

Last week, late in the third quarter of a game against the Boston Celtics, champions of the National Basketball Association, Dolph flicked the ball up in a high loop toward the basket

continued

some 30 feet away, and when it dropped cleanly through, the Schayes fist shot up with more vehemence than usual. The officials stopped the game then, and while the crowd stood applauding, the P.A. system ratified a statistic that everyone in the arena already knew: Dolph Schayes had just become the first player in NBA history to reach a career total of 15,000 points.

Another man might have been content, especially when Syracuse went on to beat Boston, and he himself scored 34 points. Not Schayes. He couldn't help but muse that under his own system—allowing himself four extra points for his long shots and subtracting one for a mere tip-in —he would have scored 37.

No Headstands for Herb

BACK in 1958, Arthur Hodsdon, the canny secretary of the Australian Amateur Athletic Union, warned his U.S. counterpart Dan Ferris to stop expecting visits from top Aussie athletes. Too many Aussies, he said, were coming to swell U.S. gate receipts and not enough U.S. athletes were dropping in on Australia.

Last week, despite the pleas of Coach Percy Cerutty, who likes his boy to move around, Secretary Hodsdon proved as good as his threat by refusing to let Aussie Miler Herb Elliott visit the U.S. to run in meets

at New York and Los Angeles late this month. Actually, Herb himself helped in the decision by forgetting to say whether he wanted to run or not until it was too late to complete the Aussie AAU formalities. This gave Hodsdon, a kind man for all his sternness, just the excuse he needed. "I act as secretary in an honorary capacity," he said, "and in my spare time I do not intend standing on my head to make last-minute arrangements for Elliott."

Rocketeers vs. Maine

SUPPOSE North Carolina had told the Wright brothers to stop tracking up its sand dunes, or New York had ordered Robert Fulton to cease muddying the Hudson with his steamboat. Well, the state of Maine has done much the same thing in the opinion of the Society of Applied Rocketry (SOAR), an organization of sportsman-scientists whose avocation is filling the sky with homemade missiles.

The trouble started when a SOAR group arrived at Lincolnville Beach, Maine with a 10-foot rocket and 6,000 letters. Its plan: to load the letters in the rocket, shoot it a mile into Penobscot Bay and have it picked up by the local postmaster, thus proving the efficiency of rocket mail and, incidentally, furnishing 6,000 rocket-mail covers for stamp collectors.

That was a month ago, and the rocket hasn't been fired yet. An investigator for Maine's state insurance department, Malcolm Chase, heard about the idea just in time to make a ruling: rockets are "fireworks," and it wasn't at all clear to Chase that rocket men who fire rockets just for sport are entitled to a fireworks license—though if they were professionals, say, it might be different.

The whole thing is now before a state court, and the rocket is in storage in Brooklyn. But we can give the SOAR men some advice. Tradition-bound Maine isn't the best place to try. That state recently refused to let a hunter charge up his game-law violation fine on his credit card. Probably Maine just doesn't deserve rocket mail.

Soccer, or Else

THE deplorable state of soccer in Byelorussia has at last been brought to the attention of Soviet authorities. And none too soon, for, according to a stern summation in the party journal *Sovetskaya Byelorussia*, there has been no increase in the number of soccer teams for seven years, schools are not encouraging soccer, Minsk has only three fields for 238 teams and the coaching is much below socialist standards.

The party's Central Committee has now moved in. It has ordered its party organizers, sports societies, trade unions and young Communist leagues "to take urgent measures to improve the guidance of the development of mass football in the republic."

The Education Ministry was instructed to start teams in every

school, collective farms were told that soccer squads better start cropping up all over, and all industrial plants with more than 150 workers were given a new production norm: field a soccer team.

The big outfits, whether factory or farm, drew the stiffest injunction: have a team ready for "a successful performance in the 1960 U.S.S.R. Championships."

In short, get a boot out of soccer, or else.

25-Footer vs. the Atlantic

ON a fall night in 1942 a major of His Majesty's Royal Marines paddled a canoe into the harbor of occupied Bordeaux, attached deadly limpet mines which exploded next morning against the hulls of six enemy ships, and escaped on foot to Spain.

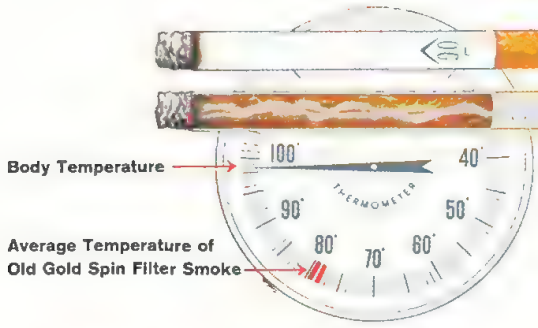
"The outstanding commando raid of the war," said a German officer in tribute to the nerve of 28-year-old Herbert George Hasler, the man in the canoe.

On the morning of June 11, 1960 "Blondie" Hasler will embark on another boating venture, a singlehanded crossing of the North Atlantic, east to west against the prevailing winds. There is no harder way to do it.

What's more, Hasler will have competition, for he is just one of four

continued

Old Gold's Spin Filter spins and cools the smoke to less than body temperature



The Spin Filter actually improves smoking taste. Every puff spins and cools the smoke to less than body temperature. You get the full, rich taste of fine tobaccos—the best taste yet in a filter cigarette.

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and the cooler the smoke ...the better the taste!

THE BEST TASTE YET IN A FILTER CIGARETTE

Ford brings you a glamorous new Thunderbird...

The sliding sun roof
THUNDERBIRD

Now you can enjoy all the advantages of a weather-proof closed car—plus the open-air fun of a convertible!

You *can* have your cake and eat it, too!

When you drive the brilliant new 1960 Thunderbird with the sliding sun roof—you're wide open to the sky in June, completely weatherproof in January.

To open the roof, simply turn a handle and glide the roof back. You can do it with one hand, from the driver's seat, while your Thunderbird is in motion. It's that easy! And you can lock it in any position from closed tight to open wide.

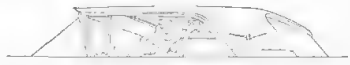
The new sliding sun roof is an *all-steel* panel. The girl on the opposite page is taking advantage of it to photograph a recent ceremony at U.S. Marine Corps barracks in Washington, D. C.

In winter, driving with the roof open about a quarter of the way actually *improves* the efficiency of your heater. At the same time, you can enjoy fresh, constantly changing air. You've never known such pleasant winter driving.

In summer, just slip the sliding sun roof back all the way and you'll sing the song of the open road—and the open top! You'll enjoy a *naturally* air-conditioned ride.

Winter or summer, you'll find that the new sliding sun roof Thunderbird brings you more style, more comfort and more fun than you've ever enjoyed before—even in a Thunderbird!

And the optional sliding sun roof can be yours with the new 1960 Thunderbird for *far less* than you'd pay for other luxury cars without this exciting innovation. See your Ford dealer. You'll find that the Thunderbird sun roof is one of the most wonderful things that's happened since the sun first came out!



Drive *any* Thunderbird—hardtop with sun roof, hardtop, or convertible—and you'll see at once why this unique car is already one of the great automotive classics of all time. It performs as only a Thunderbird can. It is distinctive and luxurious. It is comfortable as only a car with *individual* seats can be. In short, it is the world's most wanted car—the car *everyone* would love to own.

'60 THUNDERBIRD

THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED CAR

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

firm entries in a transocean display of derring-do which he helped to organize.

This adventure is a race across the Atlantic undertaken in the manner of Captain Joshua Slocum, who sailed around the world alone in the 1890s (but never tried a Britain-to-America crossing). It will start at Plymouth, a longtime favorite with pioneers, and will end, if all goes well, 45 to 75 days later off New York. On hand and cheering any finishers will be members of this country's Slocum Society Sailing Club, which is helping out with the event.

What makes a man want to cross the Atlantic alone in a sailboat? "Partly," says Hasler, "because yacht racing is moving in circumscribed channels and ocean-racing rules have severely restricted the development of seagoing yachts. In this race we are posing a fresh problem—encase yourself in a boat and get from A to B in the least time with the most comfort. This could produce something entirely different from the yachts of today. Testing equipment and techniques is a main purpose of the race."

Hasler's craft, *Jester*, is already something different. A 25-foot five-tonner with conventional hull, it is completely decked over with no open cockpit. To keep her on course when he is off watch below, Hasler has equipped his craft with a special wind-vane helm control, something like those used in model yachts. To check up on his whereabouts he will have to poke his head up through a round hole in the deck. Hasler does not expect to be on deck much. His Chinese lug sail ("unchanged for 1,000 years") can be handled by controls below. Steering can be manual or by automatic pilot.

"No established yacht club would sponsor our race," Hasler says. "It's too hazardous, too contrary to orthodox racing. But progress is always made over the opposition of an incredible number of experts."

There's another reason, beyond shaking up orthodox views of ocean racing, for Hasler's voyage. Says the veteran of Bordeaux harbor: "It should be real sport, you know."

Tennis and the Semipro Specter

EVERYTHING was coming up roses at the United States Lawn Tennis Association meeting in Scottboro, Ariz. last week as the new-broom administration headed by Seattle Businessman Vic Denny prepared to hand over to a new-new-broom administration headed by Chicago Businessman George E. Barnes.

The effect of able administrator Denny's able administration was immediately apparent in one crisp committee report after another. Optimism bloomed on all sides. Denny himself showered compliments on retiring Davis Cup Captain Perry Jones. Jones showered compliments on his players. Jones's successor as cup captain will not be named until this week, but his future was officially labeled bright. He would be bulwarked, said Denny, by "the best 20 juniors we've ever had."

And—wonderful to state and behold—the committee appointed to study the possibility of open tennis tournaments turned in a favorable report and won a resounding vote of approval. This decision made open tennis a virtual certainty by 1961.

And right then and there the meeting should have ended.

Instead, a specter known as the Borotra Plan for Authorized Amateurs raised its head and cast the entire proceedings into deepest gloom. Put forward by France at last summer's international tennis federation meeting in Dublin and since accepted in theory by most of the federation's members, the Borotra Plan calls for a new class of tennis players located midway between the simon-pure amateur (of ancient history) and the frankly profit-conscious pro of Jack Kramer's professional circuit. It would consist of "amateurs" who would be "authorized" to accept money for their services instead of receiving the same emoluments under the table and calling them "allowances."

Sizing up this plan as a diabolical foreign plot to suborn the very essence of amateurism, the USLTA last week declared itself 100% opposed. "As far as an 'authorized' player being used in Davis Cup competition is concerned," said Denny, "I believe this could very well result in the withdrawal of United States participation."

Actually, it would probably have to be left to a court of law to interpret the terms of the cup's original deed of gift by Donor Dwight F. Davis, just as the competitive status of yachting's America's Cup was left to a court when the big J boats were abandoned. But regardless of Davis' wish, the fact is that in championship tennis today a topflight contender has to be a pro of one sort or another if he is to survive at all. The only question is how much money he is permitted to make.

Once all top stars are permitted to compete with one another in open tournaments—regardless of *how* they are paid—the whole question of labels and classifications becomes simple hairsplitting.

Good Skate

Why does this skater never spill?
He's clever, one admits:
He wears his skates not where he stands
But, wisely, where he sits.

RICHARD ARMOUR

The Wages of Pessimism

THROUGH Tropical Park's 43-day meet, *Miami Herald* readers were amused by Turf Editor Russ Harris' selections of "worst bets" for the day. For 42 days Harris looked good, *i.e.*, his horses looked awful. In the last race on the 43rd day the inevitable happened: the "worst bet," Roman Legion, won by a length and a half, paid $151.40 for $2. **END**

PLAYERS OR MESSENGER BOYS?

At a meeting in Miami Beach last week a group of the nation's top athletic authorities decided to turn college football players into messenger boys: they gave coaches the right to send in a substitute—who can carry the coach's orders to the quarterback—before every play.

It is doubtful that any bronze plaques will be cast to commemorate this decision of the Rules Committee of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. But by an ironic coincidence there *was* a bronze plaque unveiled last week to commemorate football's first rules committee, whose members innocently supposed the game belonged to the players.

This committee consisted of eight young men from Harvard, Princeton, Yale and Columbia who met of their own accord in the long-departed Massasoit House in Springfield, Mass. (the plaque is on the site, now a movie theater). They met one day in November 1876 to formulate the first basic rules of the game that became American football.

There were many marked differences between the rules adopted in 1876 and the rules that govern football today. One rule, for instance, stipulated that a kicked goal should be rated "equal to four touchdowns" unless this resulted in a tie score, in which case the kicked goal should be rated superior. Another rule fixed the number of players on each team at 15, although one student, Gene Baker, held out in obstinate defeat for 11 on a side. The rules of 1876 gave no thought to making players messenger boys for the coach, because the coach as he is known today had never been heard of.

The game the rulemakers of 1960 were considering in Miami Beach last week is a game in which the coach is at least half the show. The proposal (Rule 3, Section 5, Article 1) that principally concerned the committee was one that will give the coach even greater dominance of the game.

By a fat 2 to 1 majority at their convention in New York the week before, the nation's football coaches had urged a return to the unlimited substitutions of the 1940s—which allowed two coaches, manipulating their players like so many pawns, knights and bishops, to sit on opposite sides of a football field and play gridiron chess with each other.

At its most flagrant, this system led to squads so huge that defensive players and offensive players on the same teams scarcely ever met except on Saturdays. But even coaches from small colleges, unable to afford complete offensive and defensive platoons, favored unlimited substitution because of the freedom it gives to use specialists at critical moments and to control the direction of the game by a constant stream of instructions relayed to the quarterback by incoming players. Even without the privilege of unlimited substitution, this control—though illegal—has become standard among coaches: without messengers to carry orders onto the field, coaches have widely resorted to secret wigwags.

Appalled at the license already granted their football colleagues, the assembled representatives of other sports at this winter's NCAA general convention instructed their rules committee to reject any return to unlimited substitutions. The rules committee, headed by Tennessee's tough General Bob Neyland, technically obeyed. But over the mutters of Neyland (who sticks to his belief that quarterbacks should call the plays), the committee gave the coaches single-player, or "wild-card," substitutions "at any time."

This, at least, assured the coaches an adequate supply of messengers and—as Bob Neyland said—"Who knows, if this wild-card business works out, next year we may consider using two or three wild cards at a time."

Two or three—or maybe even 10 or 11. And in a few years—who knows?—they might take out the teams and send in the coaches. **END**

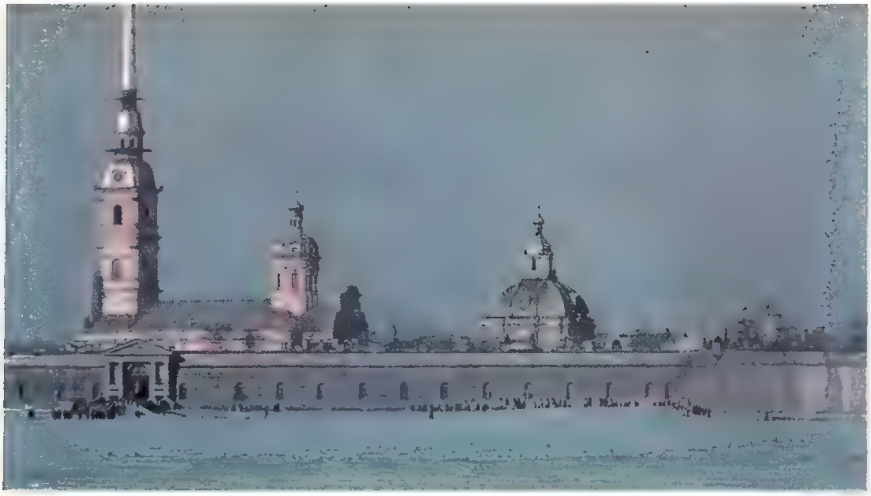
Russia's Icy Idyl

When winter closes in for its five-month siege of town and steppe, Russian life blossoms brightly with surprising varieties of hardy arctic fun, costumes of vivid color, and lively action.

Photographed by Jerry Cooke

NAPOLEON scoffed at warnings of the Russian winter; if Russians survived it, he said, so could French soldiers. They didn't; but the Russians are still there and, as Photographer Jerry Cooke discovered while strolling through their snowy parks and streets, winter for them is a time for rugged pleasures. After he had watched 3,000 Muscovites eating ice cream as they intently followed a hockey game in a blizzard, Cooke ceased to be surprised at their midwinter élan. "Both city and countryside become a playground," he wrote. "The Gorki Park of Rest and Culture in Moscow is turned into an icy fairyland as the whole park is flooded and frozen. Speed skaters race along the lanes, little girls practice figure skating, couples crisscross in and out through the trees as they skate under and around them. In Leningrad's Kirov Park, parents push their children along the ice in strange metal chair sleds; it reminded me of Atlantic City's boardwalk. Hundreds of skiers pack suburban trains, get off at tiny villages and disappear into the woods. They mysteriously reappear, five minutes before train time, dash for an ice cream cone and fight their way back into the groaning coaches. At Kavgolo, the only hilly spot near Leningrad, the slopes were overrun. The one lift was out of order, so everybody had to climb the hill and then try to schuss down without hitting anybody. A sad-eyed ski coach told me: 'It is very bad, skiing in Russia. Where there are people, there are no hills, and where there are hills there are no people.' "

Racing at Moscow's Hippodrome attracts bettors whose fervor is undiminished by sub-freezing temperatures and icy winds (and no coverage in the Soviet press). At Mikhailov Park in Leningrad (*right*), with the sun-flecked towers of the Church of the Resurrection as a backdrop, well-bundled children start their skating lessons. The long Leningrad skating season lasts from the time the Neva freezes (in early November) until the ice breaks up in April.



A place in the sun is acquired by night-shift workers along the walls of historic Peter-Paul Fortress in Leningrad. Cooke, scarcely believing his eyes, shot from a distance (*left*), and then he moved close up, catching this group, including some bikini-clad girls, making the most of their leisure time, protected from harsh winds in the midwinter sunlight along the edge of the frozen Great Neva River.

Cross-country skiing, Russian style, was encountered by Cooke at the railroad station at Opalikha. These weekenders would ride to next stop, then ski back down the line to board a later train.

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The way to win with horses

The big stables gain fame and fortune, but three little-known men who train cheap horses for cheap events win most races

BY SHEER NUMBER of races won, the most successful trainers in the U.S. in recent seasons have not been the famous veterans like Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons but, rather, three little-known men who are virtual newcomers to the sport.

They are 39-year-old Vester R. Wright of Gallatin, Tenn., who was leading trainer in 1959 with 172 winners, 41-year-old Frank H. Merrill Jr. of Brantford, Ont., who was second with 162, and 60-year-old William Hal Bishop of Anna, Ill., third with 161.

What they have in common—besides success—is a strategy of concentrating on claiming races and trading, buying and selling horses in a steady turnover of their stock.

Claiming races are a device for equalizing competition in order to insure a constant flow of entries, closely fought races and, therefore, a good volume of betting. In these races, horses are classified according to the value put on them by their stables. A horse that a trainer believes is worth about $5,000 is entered in a $5,000 claiming race to meet other horses of about the same value. To prevent owners from entering in a $5,000 race a horse really worth, say, $12,000, all those entered in the race are liable to be claimed for purchase at $5,000; a trainer who has started at least one horse at a race meeting is eligible to claim any horse starting in any of the claiming races at that meeting. Most races at American tracks are claimers (ranging from $1,000 to $20,000), simply because there are many more cheap horses than good ones.

The most successful horsemen in the claiming division have the skill to detect subtle faults and weaknesses -and hidden virtues—in their horses and in rival horses, as well as the alertness to take immediate advantage of that insight. Wright, Merrill and Bishop are just such expert observers and operators; their mental file on thousands of horses is extraordinary.

Wright—called Tennessee—has been the leading trainer three times in the last four years. Since 1949 he has averaged 115 winners per season, principally with horses owned by T. Alie Grissom, James L. Paddock and E. J. Grosfield, his major patrons ever since he began his career as a trainer.

TENNESSEE WRIGHT was the leading trainer in 1959 with 172 winning races.

Hard-working, hard-playing, hard-betting Wright was raised on the famed Foxland Hall Farm at Gallatin, Tenn., which his father managed for 17 years. Wright rode at hunt meets, served a hitch in the Air Force during the war and then decided to settle down as a plumber's assistant. But he found that jockeying a Stillson wrench was too sedentary for his tastes; he turned to horse racing and landed a job as a groom with the stable of Detroit's Perne L. Grissom, Alie's brother.

Wright rose to foreman of the outfit and later was hired as a trainer by Alie Grissom, Paddock and Grosfield and later became a one-quarter partner in the stable. Tennessee handles horses for other owners as well, charging a flat $12 a day per horse training fee plus 10% of the winnings.

"I've got about 70 head in New Orleans," Wright said recently. "Some 45 are stabled at the Fair Grounds and another 25 are at the Magnolia track across town with my foreman, Gordon Potter. I carry something like 50 men, and my expenses run me between $30,000 and $35,000 a month." Tennessee has to win plenty of races to stand the nut, and he does. His stable earned well over half a million dollars during 1959, and he points out that in 11 years of training, he has never had a losing season. He has an excellent eye for young horses. He purchased Money Broker at the yearling sales for $3,300, and the colt won the $100,000 Florida Derby plus other good stakes.

Wright and William Hal Bishop now leave each other's stock alone by mutual agreement, but before this truce was reached Tennessee once claimed (or "haltered," as they call it around the tracks) a horse named Shoerullah from Bishop for $10,000 and went on to win about $75,000 with him.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

"There's no such thing as 'friends' when you're claiming horses," Tennessee says. "I don't feel bad when I take a horse from a man, and I don't feel bad when he takes a horse from me. A trainer who burns when he loses a horse shouldn't be running in claiming races."

Wright, a moderate bettor, encourages his men to bet on the horses they handle, too. He is one of the first men at the track each day, but once his horses are in condition, he prefers

not to work them out in the morning. He thinks racing is enough to keep them fit. "Can't win no money in the mornings," he adds.

THE MERRILL METHOD

Frank Merrill, a tall, thin, introspective Canadian, has been second-best trainer three times and top trainer twice in the past five years. Racing both in the U.S. and Canada, Merrill has averaged more than 100 winners a year. He rode briefly along the fair circuit in Canada as a boy, studied training under veteran horsemen George Alexander and Matt Ray, for whom he galloped horses, and in 1944 bought an old plater on credit from the Seagram Stable for $300. He paid the debt off with his winnings and gradually built up a public stable in the Toronto area.

"I keep about 35 head in the barn

FRANK MERRILL directs a public stable, was top trainer twice in past five years.

all the time," Merrill said this winter at Miami's Gulfstream Park. "I charge my patrons a flat $8 a day per horse in Canada and $12 in the U.S. and I take 10% of all first, second and third moneys. I've found it costs me $7.50 a day in Canada to feed and care for each horse and $10 in the U.S., so you see I make almost nothing from my trainer's fee. I earn money only if my horses win or are close."

Merrill, who claims and sells horses for himself as well as for his sponsors, haltered Sampan for $6,000 and won $55,000 with him. He also got quite a bit of mileage out of Hickory Hill, whom he claimed for $12,500 and with whom he once won almost $50,000 in a single season.

"I expect to lose my horse every time I run him in a claiming race," Merrill says. "I don't feel good about it when I lose one, but I don't feel bad about it either. As long as you run them where they belong, you're all right. I like to claim horses who have shown some consistency, and I particularly like an old stakes horse who is dropping down in class. The condition of a horse's legs don't mean too much to me because I like to work on legs."

Merrill is famous for applying hot wax casts to bowed tendons, an art he learned from a German veterinarian. "I apply the hot wax from the knee down," he says, "and then cover it with a plaster mold. It's excellent for stimulating blood circulation, much superior to firing which can destroy healthy tissue."

A BACKGROUND IN MULES

William Hal Bishop, the senior of the three, is one of the most colorful men on the American turf. Burly and backwoodsy, he resembles the late Wallace Beery. Since 1949 he has tied for the trainer championship once, has been second four times and third twice. He once operated the world's largest mule auction, and he is still his own boss. His horses race in the silks of William Hal Bishop Stables, Inc., a corporation consisting of himself, his wife and his sister, and he has averaged 127 winners per year.

Bishop grew up in the mule business. The auction he operated at Anna, Ill. frequently sold as many as 1,000 mules a week to foreign and domestic buyers. When business was slow, he and his wife would pack a tent and take a string of 40 or 50 mules through the hills of Arkansas, selling and trading with farmers. Bishop's "edge" came in his knowledge of and skill at mule dentistry. He could file down a set of teeth to make an 8-year-old mule pass for a 4-year-old, which of course brought a higher price. Paradoxically, perhaps, he also served a tour as police chief of Anna.

By 1943 the tractor was putting the mule out of business, and Bishop started to retire. "I'd been racing a few cheap horses in the Midwest since 1938, and when I gave up the mule business, my wife suggested I train the horses myself. I began in 1944, and I found that my experience as a mule dealer stood me in good stead. I could spot a bad knee or ankle at 100 feet."

Bishop has about 60 head of horses in his barn in New Orleans, and he estimates his inventory at about $800,000. "Expenses are very high," he points out, "and they're getting higher each year. I would guess my operation runs me between $6,000 and $6,500 a week. I carry 32 men, including grooms, hot walkers, exercise boys and foremen. Hay is $80 a ton here in New Orleans, and oats are $5 for a 90-pound sack. You can see I've got to win a lot of races to break even."

Bishop claimed Hare Raising for $7,000 and won $56,000 with him. He bought Pete's Folly for $20,000, and so far Pete's Folly has won more than $100,000. His most memorable buy was Bernburgoo, who cost $45,000 a few years ago. Bernburgoo, now standing at stud in Bishop's first breeding venture, won more than $170,000 and

WILLIAM HAL BISHOP turned from mules to horses, owns and trains his own stable.

beat the mighty Round Table in the 1958 Warren Wright Memorial Handicap at Arlington Park. "I run my horses to win purses," Bishop says, "and we've averaged $600,000 a year for the past several seasons. If I can't be first, I want to be second. Don't forget that second, third and fourth money adds up."

Bishop, Wright and Merrill, clearly enough, are all businessmen of a very practical turn of mind. They know their trade thoroughly, they work hard at it, and they take great pride in their success.

And they're the easiest men to find at a race track. They're usually in the winner's circle, one of them or another. **END**

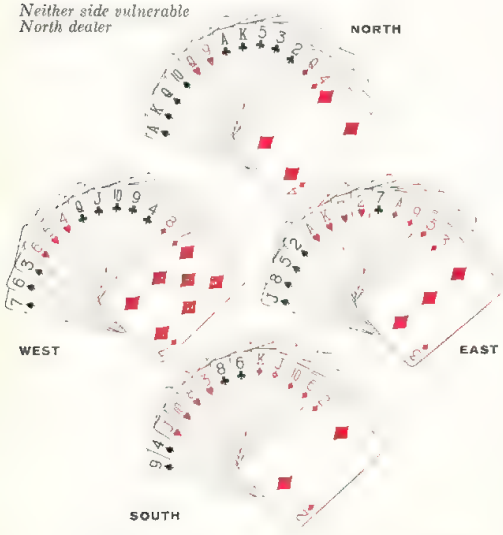
CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

The uses of losing a trick

ANTIBRIDGE, the trick-losing game reported in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, Oct. 12), is not an entirely new idea. In the early days of auction bridge you could bid "nullos," which, like antibridge, was a contract to lose tricks. The difference was that in nullos a bid was generally played without a trump suit; in antibridge you may make a minus bid in a suit. Nullos would be virtually forgotten today if it were not for the occasional caustic reference to a partner's play, "I thought you were playing nullos." Meaning, "You couldn't have lost more tricks if you tried."

Yet there are some deals where the only way to win the game is by losing a trick. For example:

Neither side vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♣	DOUBLE	1♦	PASS
2♣	PASS	2 N.T.	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: club queen

South's bid of one diamond immediately over a take-out double promised no great strength. His forced rebid of two no trump was also a weak call. But it seemed to North that his partner would need little more than the secondary strength in the red suits which South's bids promised, so he contracted boldly for the game.

The resulting duel of wits was worthy of the experts who made up this table. Dummy won the club opening, and South studied carefully before he decided on his play. He recognized that if he started the diamond suit, the defenders would simply duck one round of diamonds and would then have little difficulty in keeping his hand from gaining the lead. So he made the excellent decision to try to establish two tricks in hearts.

When dummy led the queen of hearts, it was East's turn to ponder. He won the trick and made the only return that would foil declarer's plan. He led a low diamond! This beautiful defensive maneuver prevented declarer from establishing the hearts and then winning a diamond lead in his own hand, when cashing two heart tricks would insure making his contract.

Dummy won the diamond trick with the queen and continued hearts. East took his heart ace, cashed the ace of diamonds and then led a low spade. Declarer did his best to decline this Greek gift. He won the trick with dummy's queen and cashed the ace and king. But East refused to accept the return of the trick he had given away. He dumped his jack under dummy's ace and stranded the lead in dummy.

When West discarded his last heart on dummy's 10 of spades, South made the best of a bad bargain. If he had cashed the high club, he would have had to surrender the last three tricks to West, going down two. Instead, he led dummy's deuce of clubs up to his 8. West won with the 9 and continued with the jack. Declarer held his loss to a one-trick set by letting the jack win. This left North with the ace-5 against West's 10-4, so North was able to win the last two tricks.

The strange part of this giving-away-tricks contest was that if declarer had started his give-away program soon enough he could have saved his contract. After East returned the low diamond letting dummy win the queen, declarer should have cashed dummy's top spades and high club before leading another heart. Then it would have done East no good to drop his jack of spades.

EXTRA TRICK

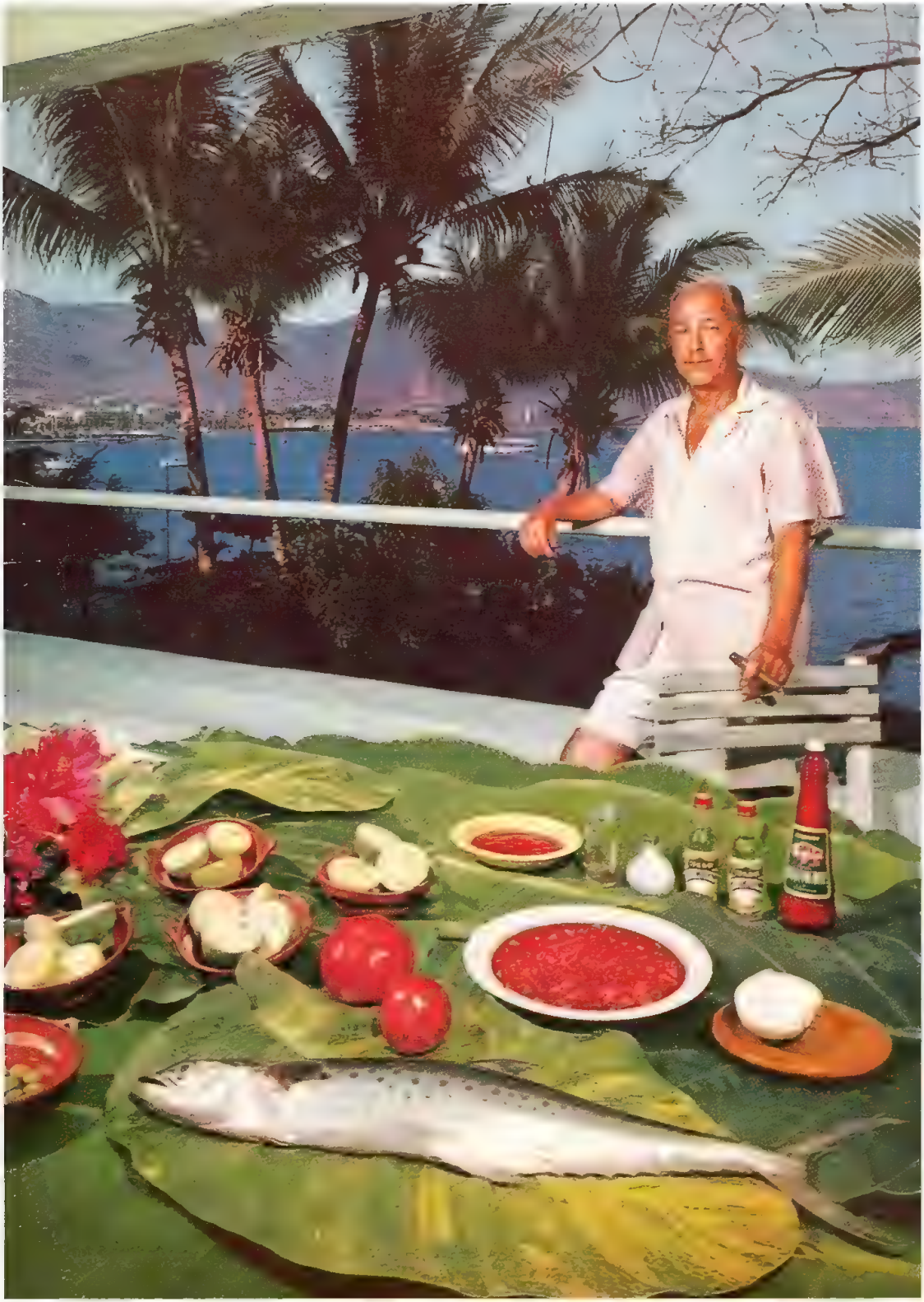
Sometimes the only way to save a game is by giving up a trick. If having to lead later will be embarrassing, be sure to get out of your own way by cashing your winners first or getting rid of them altogether by dumping high cards under your opponents' higher ones. **END**

SPORTING LOOK
Photograph by Toni Frissell

SHIPSHAPE ON THE FAIRWAY

GERTRUDE CONAWAY VANDERBILT is the wife of Harold S. Vanderbilt, the grand old man of the America's Cup, but an equally enviable fact about her is that through all her years in sport she has managed to wear sports clothes with such style and know-how that she might have inspired the phrase, the Sporting Look.

At sea, the Vanderbilts and their crews are the best-dressed in yachting. And she applies the same shipshape approach to her golf dress. Here, at The Country Club of Florida in Delray Beach, where she plays in the winter with Pro Johnny Farrell, Mrs. Vanderbilt wears a beige bouclé cardigan—a style she has in many colors to match her tweed golf skirts—over a short-sleeved knit shirt, both from Emilio Pucci. Her accessories are worn with the same Vanderbilt flair: Italian raffia hat pulled smartly down, a silk scarf knotted at the neck.



Acapulco treat

This Mexican yachtsman serves an exotic fish preparation to visiting ocean racers

TO MOST of the deepwater sailors bowling down the west coast of Mexico this week in the San Diego-to-Acapulco race, the Mexican gentleman on the opposite page is a happily familiar figure. Don Francisco de la Macorra, skipper of the 60-foot ketch *Paisano* and one of the original organizers of this famous ocean race, likes nothing better than to welcome the U.S. yachtsmen on the roof terrace of his Acapulco villa, where he posed with the makings of an exotic dish that he sometimes serves them.

Don Francisco, "Paco" to his sailing friends, was born to aristocratic Spanish parents and a Mexican paper mill fortune. His fondness for *norteamericanos* stems undoubtedly from his education—after a European childhood, he attended Worcester Academy in Massachusetts and MIT. After that, "I worked hard for 25 years," he says. "Now I want *not* to be the richest man in the graveyard." In his middle 50s today, he spends much of his time at a 400-year-old hacienda at Colima, near Manzanillo, where he devotes leisurely hours to inspecting his acres of rice, corn and sugar cane. "I like to ride horseback there," he told me, "and I feel very Spanish."

During eight months of the year Macorra makes frequent cruises along Mexico's wild Pacific shoreline in the sturdy *Paisano*. During the four hurricane months, he enjoys every possible day of sailing in the vicinity of his home port—usually with guests aboard. More than a few stateside yachtsmen have reason to cherish the memory of Paco, attired in an antique striped Mack Sennett bathing suit, convoying a boatload of congenial *gringos*, together with four or five guitar players, to a picnic at some hidden cove unknown to the usual Acapulco visitor.

Macorra is not only a longtime booster of inter-American sailing but has worked strenuously to advance other sports in his native country as well. He helped introduce water-skiing in Mexico, brought in the first paddle board from Hawaii to Acapulco and served as president of the first softball league in Mexico City. A gifted athlete, he was at one time the Mexican national badminton champion, swam expertly, played good golf, tennis and squash. "Now," he says, "I just have fun on the *Paisano*."

Part of the fun, to Paco, is in serving wonderful meals to his guests. As a piquant introduction to a lunch or dinner, he nearly always takes aboard *ceviche*, a dish found in many countries of Latin America and consisting of fresh fish (Macorra uses a species called *sierra*) which is "cooked" by being marinated in lime juice and then highly spiced. Like many similar Japanese and Tahitian fish dishes, it has no more of a raw taste than do anchovies.

There are numerous versions of *ceviche*, which can be made with any mild-flavored fish having white meat (not an oily fish). It is also a delectable way to prepare shrimp. I have tried Paco's recipe successfully in New York with fillets of gray sole.

CEVICHE (*serves six to eight*)

1½ pounds fillets of a bland white-meated fish

Juice of 9 limes

1 large onion, minced extremely fine

16 green Spanish olives, pits removed

2 tablespoons liquor from the jar of olives

3 medium tomatoes, peeled and minced fine, with juice (if tomatoes are not summer-ripe you will need to add a cup or more of canned tomato juice)

¾ cup tomato ketchup, preferably the Mexican kind

Scant half cup of olive oil

1 teaspoon of chopped fresh or crumbled dry orégano (or marjoram)

About 2 teaspoons salt

Mexican *salsa picante* or Tabasco sauce to taste (about 5 dashes)

Cut fish fillets in cubes or squares the size of small scallops. Soak them in lime juice for 1½ hours. Throw into a sieve and rinse well under cold water. Mix with other ingredients, seasoning to taste. Chill. Serve with toasted tortillas and, if you wish, green *chiles jalapeños*, to be bought in cans, the juice hot as fire. Ice-cold Mexican beer can assuage the fire of the peppers and will prove a most rewarding beverage with such Mexican food.

(Note: Tortillas, either fresh or in cans, chilis and a variety of Mexican sauces are available by mail from Casa Moneo, 218 West 14 Street, New York 11, N.Y.)

ON ROOFTOP TERRACE of his Acapulco house, Don Francisco de la Macorra displays large fish called *sierra* and other ingredients of *ceviche* laid out on tropical leaves. Moored in the bay, partially hidden by palm tree, is his 60-foot ketch *Paisano*.

Photograph by N. R. Farbman — LIFE

Chile's amazing rainbows

In the roaring rivers of the Andes foothills Author-Sportsman Basil Heatter found the finest trout fishing in the world

To an Eastern angler, accustomed to small trout in sparse numbers, a fish in excess of three pounds is big. Expose him to a five-pounder and he is ecstatic. But take him to Chile, let him understand that this is a land where a three-pounder is small and a five-pounder is average and a fish isn't really big until it hits at least 15, and you will know my feelings as I watched Santiago, that favored nation's capital, appear under the wing of my airliner on a sunny afternoon.

Eighteen hours from Miami by air, Santiago is the jumping-off place to the most magnificent trout fishing in the world—the home of the lunker rainbows and browns inhabiting the streams and lakes along the base of the Andes. There is a day train that runs through some beautiful country to Temuco, 400 miles south of Santiago. I gave in to a severe case of rainbow fever and took a plane.

At Temuco, a young lawyer named Mario Rurich took me out to the river. Mario had broken a leg skiing; his leg was still in a cast, but somehow he managed to heave that great lump of plaster over the rocks and down to the water. This crippled Walton took the first three trout while I, reasonably hale and hearty, raised nothing until just before dark, when I managed to net a beautifully colored three-pounder.

I slept that night at the Frontera—a clean, modern hotel in Temuco—and was off the next morning by taxi to the Hotel Antumalal in Pucón. This was a four-hour drive (one flat) over gravel roads through dry, dusty country. Ahead was the great white cone of the Villarrica volcano. As we approached it the character of the country began to change. The scrub gave way to pine forests, and we crossed, on rickety wooden bridges, several rivers foaming down toward Lago Villarrica.

A MAGNIFICENT RIVER

Villarrica is a lovely lake, perhaps 12 or 14 miles across. The town of Villarrica is at the western end, and from there the road winds around the lake to Pucón, headquarters for fishing the Liucura, the Trancura and the famous Barra, which is a series of reefs at the point where the Liucura empties into the lake.

The morning after my arrival at Pucón I set out for my first full day of fishing in Chile—the long, exciting run down the Liucura. By rights, this magnificent river deserves two full days, but if you are willing to work hard at it you can do it in one.

In the first watery light of dawn the boat was loaded onto a truck and taken 12 miles upstream. The water seemed comparatively narrow and quiet, but I had been warned that there were heavy rapids below.

AUTHOR AND HIS CATCH AT LAGO HESS

We heaved the boat off the truck and I set up my fly rod and tied on a Gray Ghost. In Chile most wet-fly fishermen fish two flies at once, and on the advice of Bascur, my boatman, I also tied on a Woolly Worm for a dropper. Although Chilean trout are not primarily insect feeders, they are just as selective as their northern cousins, and fly patterns are as important on Chilean rivers as elsewhere.

Running the Liucura is the most exciting river trip in Chile. The boatmen—who have spent years on the river—are the most skillful I have seen anywhere. Bascur took us down stern first, oars thrashing, picking his spots and then going hell-bent down the chutes between the rocks. Once we were through the fastest water, he was equally clever at working over the areas that held fish.

Virtually every river in Chile is big and fast and vodka-clear. Your progress varies from deep glides to the abrupt chute-the-chute, but always there is that tremendous weight of water rushing down the mountains. And it is always this fast water, when you can hold in it, that is the best for fishing. My really large fish were taken from the breakovers just below the rapids. On that first day on the Liucura I caught 22 fish—the largest a nine-pound rainbow, and three others that ran six pounds or more. All of these big fellows were taken from really fast water.

Most of the fishing on these great booming rivers is necessarily done by boat, but there are always places where the man with waders can get out and go about his business on his legs. Despite the depth and speed of the Liucura, I was able to fish many gravel bars on foot. Fortunately, I had brought waders, boots and landing

nets with me from the States. There is a well-equipped store in Santiago—the Casa Sparta owned by Federico Weisner—for any small items one may have overlooked, and another in Temuco run by J. E. Horlacher. But once the fisherman gets south of Temuco he is on his own.

This does not, however, apply to flies. There are many excellent local flies tied in Chile. The best I found were the patterns originated and tied by Alfred Heusse in Pucón. Alfred was a ski instructor who went south to Chile to ski—and stayed to fish. Of the famous flies he has created, I think the Puma is the best—a brightly colored streamer all shot through with purple and yellow, named because the yellow in the fly reminded its creator of the hot yellow eyes of a killer mountain lion. The fly is a killer too.

While I was busy cooling our various bottles for lunch, Bascur cleaned the fish. He threw the entrails into the water, and almost instantly a swarm of *pancora* came scuttling up to feed. These *pancora* are a kind of small green fresh-water crayfish, and are the preferred diet of the trout. If you judge by the phenomenal growth of Chilean rainbows, the *pancora* must store more vitamins inside their olive-colored shells than almost anything else that crawls or swims. It is not uncommon to take eight-pound fish that are only 2 years old and 20-pounders that are less than 4.

THE DRY FLY VINDICATED

After lunch I walked down through the meadow to the edge of the river. The wind had died, the air was warm and still and fish were rising in the slow, deep glide below the bluff. I had been told that it was useless to bring dry flies to Chile, but I had tucked a few into the fly book anyway, and this looked like the ideal place to find out for myself just how useless they were.

I tied on a big gray Wulff floater, worked it out and let it drop, and watched it ride with the slow current. I glanced away for a moment, and when I looked back at the fly it was gone. The fish had taken it so quietly that I didn't know he was on until the line tightened and he jumped in midstream. He went upstream in a series of silver lunges and pink jumps. I had taken off my waders before lunch, but since I was using a little Orvis Rocky Mountain rod and a 2x leader I had no choice but to go into the water after him.

Twenty minutes later—after he had me well down into the backing three times—I was able to draw him out onto the gravel. My wrist was aching; I was soaking wet up to the waist and my teeth were chattering with cold and excitement. To my surprise he weighed less than four pounds (he had fought like a fish twice that size), but as I slid him back into the water I felt a sense of victory at having proved something about the dry fly.

Chile is not only rewarding for the fly fisherman; it is a delight to the spinning enthusiast as well. There were many days when the trout would hardly look at flies but struck immediately at spoons fished slow and deep. Working from a boat on Chilean rivers, people will often fish two rods at once—spinning rod rigged with a spoon or flatfish in one hand and the fly rod in the other.

The most successful spoons in Chile are a local product that very much resemble our own Dardevle. The best colors are red and yellow stripes with bronze backs. Unfortunately the hooks that are mounted on the spoons are of poor quality, and the

continued

HEARTLAND of Chile's trout country extends along the foothills of the Andes from Lago Villarrica in the north, where the Liucura River empties over the famous Barra reefs, to the placid Fui, 40 miles to the south.

wise visitor will bring along treble hooks of his own.

My next stop south of Villarrica was the Enco River. It is less than 75 miles away, but if one goes by land it involves a tortuous two-day journey by taxi and train. Much the better way is to charter a private plane, which can pick you up at Pucón and whisk you down to the edge of the river in 45 minutes. Don Macarthur, a senior Panagra pilot, flew down with me in a Cessna that waited for us at Pucón in a cold windless dawn and set us down in a cow pasture within casting distance of the water. Ten minutes after landing we were in our waders and fishing.

BENEATH SNOWY VOLCÁN VILLARRICA, THE TRANCURA RIVER, SWIFT AND DEEP, IS

THE FUI HOLDS BIG FISH

Before trying the Enco, we took a crack at its sister stream, the Fui. The Fui is a fine white-water river full of big fish. About a quarter of a mile from our landing meadow I found an area of broad pools and gravel bars that were admirably suited to wading. I tied on a black Woolly Worm and fished it as slowly as possible in the heavy water. In an hour and a half I took five handsome rainbows there, the largest of which was a solid seven-pounder. A great many larger fish—up to 20 pounds—have been taken from that same gravel bar, and I can vouch for the fact that there was at least one there the day I fished it. I know because I lost him. That was where I learned about the brittle Chilean hooks—half an hour of tremendous leaps alternating with bottom-rubbing sulks got my fish his freedom. The hook simply snapped.

After breakfast we took off again in the Cessna and landed 10 minutes later at the Enco. One of the biggest farms in the area—the Fundo Chan Chan—controls most of the land along the river and maintains a good landing strip. The manager can provide boats and boatmen and, on occasion, the use of the farm's guest house. All these arrangements can be made by Alfred Heusse in Pucón, but it should be done well in advance.

My boatman on the Enco was a very serious, boldly mustachioed fellow named Santos, who groaned whenever I lost a good fish. When we first started down the Enco there was plenty for him to groan about. Later in the afternoon, however, I was able to hook and hold a great many fish. Santos' spirits brightened considerably.

In four hours I caught 31 fish. Seven of these were over six pounds (one very close to nine), and none was under two pounds. The only thing that marred the day was the great black horseflies—the *coli-huacho*. The bite of the *coli-huacho* is not poisonous, but it is painful. The clumsy creatures (twice the size of the domestic bumblebee) stagger drunkenly into your face, and when you kill one it seems to arouse a sort of turgid indignation in the others. However, any good insect repellent will keep the *coli-huacho* at a reasonable distance.

We still had two hours of daylight left when we taxied the Cessna out to the end of the strip for the half-hour flight to Lliſén. The town of Lliſén is located in the center of a vast fishing area to the south of the Enco. Here, the Calcurrupe is the principal river, and it can be fished from its reedy beginnings in Lake Maihue. Some truly gigantic brown trout have been taken there—several to the 20- to 25-pound mark. With Lliſén as a base, it is also possible to spend a day—or even half a day—on the Caunahue. This was the smallest river I fished in Chile and well suited to wading. There are no boats on the Caunahue, but you can fish the best water—from the old wooden bridge down to the lake—on foot in an afternoon. I found the best luck in the first rapid above the lake. There I took two hard-fighting fish, both on the Black Doctor. The first fish weighed four and a quarter pounds while the second was just over five.

Carrying the fish, I started back down the road to an old lumber mill where I had arranged to meet the boatman who would row me back around the lake to the hotel. By the time we located each other the sky had clouded over and a stiff wind was whipping a froth of whitecaps across the lake. We had got only a few hundred yards from shore when our rickety skiff began to open up at the seams. At the same time the wind increased and a heavy rain squall came beating in from the west. The boatmen rowed and I bailed, and we just managed to beach the half-sunk boat on the rocky shore. Then we began the long walk back through the woods.

It was a four-hour hike, most of it in darkness and driving rain. We went slogging along in the mud without a stop until at last we met two *caribineros* riding side by side on the wet black road. Tired of carrying the two big trout, I offered them to the *caribineros* and they accepted happily. In return

TYPICAL OF CHILEAN TROUT STREAMS

one of them gave me a warming nip of brandy from a flask tied to his saddle. This transaction was carried out solemnly in the dark and the rain and with no common language between us. It was obvious from the *caribineros'* expressions that they thought I was quite loco, and at that point I was inclined to agree with them.

From Llifén I traveled south and east by rail and bus to the Argentine border. This is only a matter of a hundred miles or so, but it took three days and required a dozen or more loadings and unloadings of baggage. There is no checking system on the Chilean railroads, and it always seems something of a miracle when the various pieces of luggage are finally assembled on the platform. The same trip can be made in an hour by air from Llifén to San Carlos de Bariloche on the Argentine side, and if I had it to do over again that is the way I should travel.

THE WHISTLE BLEW

Leaving Puerto Varas by bus we skirted the great volcanic cone of Osorno and came, just before lunch, to the inn at Petrohué, where we had a two-hour wait for the steamer that would take us across All Saints' Lake to Puella. Since the Petrohué is another famous trout stream, I decided to put the two-hour wait to better use than eating, got out my tackle and went down the path to the river.

The Petrohué is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world—an emerald torrent raging down a rocky gorge. It is impossible to put a boat into this maelstrom, but there are many places where a determined man on foot can reach the river from the road. There is a fine pool just below the fast water, only a few hundred yards from the hotel, and standing there, I took three good fish, the largest of which was a four-and-a-half-pound silvery-brown trout. Just as I was beaching this last fish I heard the steamer whistle blow. I dropped him back into the water and ran.

There are numerous formalities involved in crossing the border at Puerto Frias, but at last, in a mad crush of Argentine tourists and mountain climbers carrying full pack equipment, I managed to wriggle on board the steamer for the three-hour run down huge Lake Nahuel Huapí to the big hotel at Llao-Llao.

Llao-Llao probably is the biggest log cabin in the world—a vast, sprawling structure reminiscent of the lodges at Yellowstone and Jasper. It has a casino, barber shop, frock-coated headwaiters, a dozen different curio shops and, I regret to say, the poorest food I ate anywhere on my trip.

After the quiet charm of Chile I found all this a bit disconcerting. Disconcerting also was the fleet of powerboats putting out every morning from the hotel pier to troll with copper lines for the mighty rainbows and landlocked salmon of Nahuel Huapí. The big fish are certainly there—20-pounders are not uncommon and fish of 35 pounds or more are killed each season—but with a lack of sportsmanship calculated to enrage or at least annoy the fly fisherman, used to light tackle.

The country, however, is magnificent. And less than two hours' drive southwest from the picture-postcard town of Bariloche I found a charming little hotel called Cinco Lagos—Five Lakes. The hotel there is perched on the edge of mirror-still Lago Hess. The Hess lies in a cup in the mountains and is one of the few lakes in the Argentine where fishing is not complicated by the strong winds.

From my room I could see fish rising in the lake, and it was then only a two-minute walk through the high, dew-wet grass to where the skiffs were docked. Five minutes after that I was fishing, and five minutes after that I was fighting my first Argentine rainbow. These fish in the Hess are not monsters—they averaged perhaps two pounds—but they fought gallantly and came so readily to the dry fly that I enjoyed every minute I spent there.

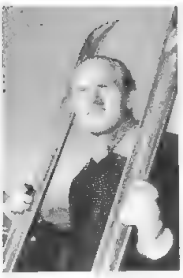
From the same hotel one can also fish the Manso—a small, beautiful river—and Lakes Roca and Fonck, both within walking distance or an easy jaunt on horseback. These lakes are not as exciting as the big rivers of Chile but they provide a restful change. There was not the compulsion that I felt in Chile, to get out before dawn and to push as far as possible down the river. And after a morning of quiet wading on the Manso it was pleasant to find my horse waiting for me and to ramble slowly back in time for lunch at the hotel, at peace with the world.

There were many other places that I would have liked to have fished in the Argentine—the Traful, Lake Meliquina and the area around San Martín de los Andes but time was running out. Lack of time also kept me from going up to Lake Maule or the Bío-Bío in Chile—both of which are sizable junkets requiring camping equipment and pack trips.

THREE WEEKS FOR $500

All in all, I was gone three weeks and spent approximately $500 on hotels, boats and boatmen (few of whom get more than a dollar or two a day), and transportation in Chile and Argentina. A few pesos vanished at the gambling table in a brief visit to Viña del Mar. Air fare from Miami was $484. The weather, in January and February, was comparable to that of northern Michigan or Minnesota in midsummer. During the day I fished in a flannel shirt and khaki trousers but always needed a heavy sweater for that last hour on the river when the temperature would suddenly drop 10° or 15°. I was glad also to have a rain cape, although I struck only three days of rain in three weeks, and sunglasses to cut the glare of the incredibly brilliant sun.

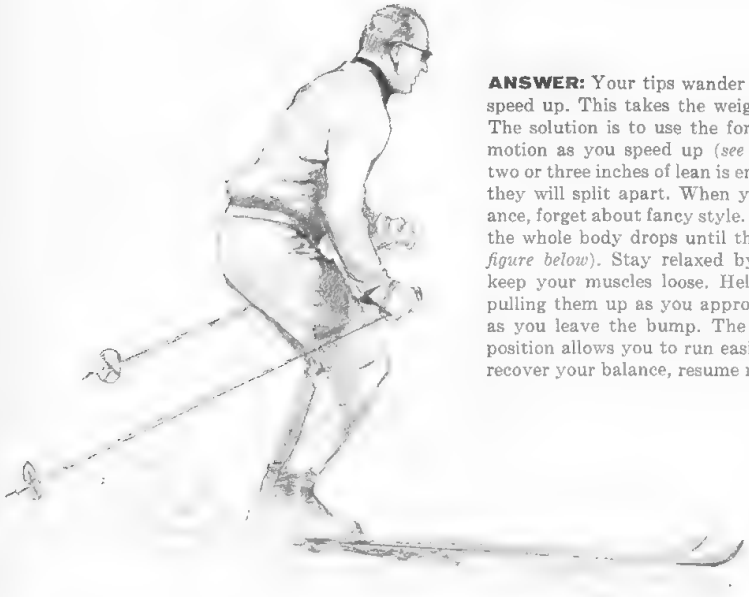
I had the best trout fishing I have ever known, made friends that I should very much like to see again, and traveled for three weeks in a dramatically beautiful land of great rivers and lakes, a world of sport and beauty. **END**



Ski Tip

by WILLY SCHAEFFLER

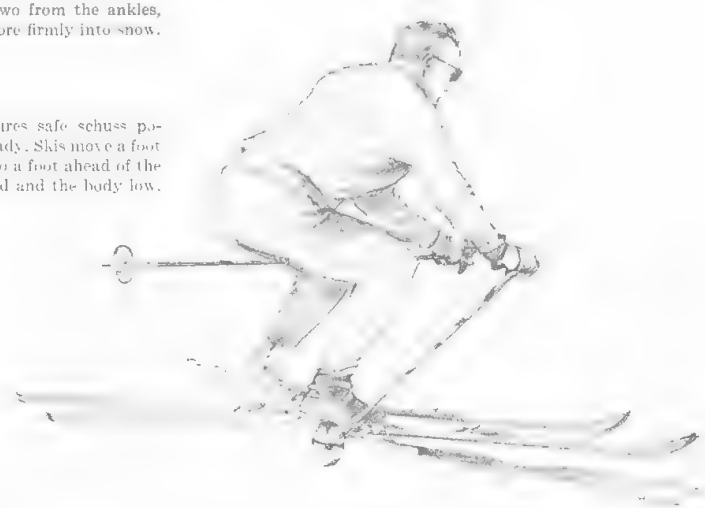
QUESTION: *Although I like to schuss a moderate slope, I also like to stay in control. Why do my ski tips wander when I speed up, and why do I lose control as I hit rough terrain?*



ANSWER: Your tips wander because you tend to lean back as you speed up. This takes the weight off the tips and they won't track. The solution is to use the forward lean. Initiate a definite leaning motion as you speed up (*see figure at left*). But don't overdo it—two or three inches of lean is enough. If you lean on the tips too hard, they will split apart. When you hit rough terrain and feel off balance, forget about fancy style. Get into the safe schuss position. Here the whole body drops until the thighs are parallel to the snow (*see figure below*). Stay relaxed by bouncing up and down slightly to keep your muscles loose. Help your skis to follow the terrain by pulling them up as you approach a bump and pressing them down as you leave the bump. The inherent stability of the safe schuss position allows you to run easily over rough terrain. As soon as you recover your balance, resume normal stance to complete the runout.

Smooth-slope technique in a schuss has skier bending knees slightly more than normal and leaning forward an extra inch or two from the ankles, pressing shovel of his ski more firmly into snow.

Rough-slope schussing requires safe schuss position when skier feels unsteady. Skis move a foot apart; one ski is six inches to a foot ahead of the other, arms are held forward and the body low.



Drawings by A. J. Stevens

The shaky new league

Texan millions are behind the American Football League but may not keep it going for long

FOR two good reasons, there will be a second professional football league in operation this year. One reason is fairly obvious: the National Football League in 1959 drew 3,140,409 paying customers, setting an attendance record for the eighth consecutive season, and amassed profits which have naturally stirred envy. The less obvious reason has to do with the inability of two rich young Texans to buy a controlling interest in the Chicago Cardinals, the only really anemic franchise in the NFL.

The Texans are Lamar Hunt and Bud Adams. Hunt, 27, is the son of H. L. Hunt, who is one of the four or five richest men in the U.S. K. S. (Bud) Adams Jr., 37, is the son of the chairman of the board of the giant Phillips Petroleum Co. and, as owner of the Ada Oil Co., is as well heeled as a Texas boot. Both men have almost exactly the same background, and are good friends. Nevertheless, it would be difficult to imagine two more disparate personalities.

Hunt, owner of the Dallas franchise in the American Football League, is a quiet man. He says very little, but he means what he says. He is so unlike the popular conception of a brash Texas zillionaire that he could double for TV's Wally Cox in his Mr. Peepers characterization. He played what he calls "the varsity bench" on the Southern Methodist football team while taking a degree in geology. Since he played behind three ends who later made pro teams, the fact that he hung on as an overshadowed substitute is a tribute to his tenacity rather than a reflection on his ability.

Hunt Senior wanted his boy to know the value of a dollar. In college, Lamar Hunt had no more spending money than most other students. At one point, his father gave him a vacant lot and told him to put a business on it to finance his college education. Lamar cleaned and graded the lot himself, then put up a baseball batting game which promptly failed. Once he came to football practice wearing his mother's raincoat because his own was worn out. He now has something like $50 million in his own name, and he is not throwing any of it away. He went to lunch the other day in a summer suit, trudging three blocks through a cold rain. "I've been on a diet," he explained. "My winter suits don't fit me any more."

Bud Adams, who owns the Houston Oilers in the new league, is a pudgy young man who has not been on a diet, but who obviously would have a tailor standing by to renew his wardrobe pound by pound if he did decide to diet. He inhabits one of the biggest offices in a business known for offices the size of football fields. He is as voluble as Hunt is quiet; indeed, he is so quick on the drawl that he has been called the fastest mouth in Texas. His Ada Oil Co. services some 600 stations. Adams played football in prep school and at the University

continued

A QUICK TOUR OF THE AFL

	THE BRASS	STADIUM	PLAYERS SIGNED
HOUSTON OILERS	OWNER AND MGR.: Kenneth S. (Bud) Adams Jr. COACH: Lou Rymkus	Jeppesen Stadium (38,000)	51, including Jack Lee (Cincinnati), Billy Cannon (LSU), Bob White (Ohio State)
DENVER BRONCOS	OWNERS: Howsam Family. MGR.: Dean Griffith COACH: Frank Filchock	Bears Stadium (30,000)	13, including Bob Stransky (Canadian football), Bob Dougherty (LA Rams)
LOS ANGELES CHARGERS	OWNERS: Barron & Conrad Hilton, Pat J. Frawley. MGR.: Frank Leahy. COACH: Sid Gillman	Los Angeles Coliseum or Rose Bowl (100,000)	37, including Ron Mix (USC), Ron Waller (LA Rams), Charlie Flowers (Mississippi)
DALLAS TEXANS	OWNER: Lamar Hunt. MGR.: Don Rossi. COACH: Hank Stram	Cotton Bowl (75,504)	50, including Jack Spikes (TCU), Johnny Robinson (LSU), Chris Burford (Stanford)
BUFFALO BILLS	OWNER: Ralph C. Wilson Jr. MGR.: Dick Gallagher. COACH Buster Ramsey	Civic Stadium (38,000)	35, including Richie Lucas (Penn St.), Harold Olson (Clemson), Billy Kinnard (Cleveland Browns)
BOSTON (to be named)	OWNERS: William H. Sullivan Jr., plus nine not named. MGR.: Ed McKeever. COACH: To be named	Not decided	7, including Ger Schwedes (Syracuse), Bob Yates (Syracuse), Tom Greene (Holy Cross)
NEW YORK TITANS	OWNERS Harry Wismer, Joseph P. Arcuni. MGR.: Steve Sebo. COACH: Sammy Baugh	Polo Grounds (48,000)	40, including Blanche Martin (Mich. St.), Bob Colburn (Bowling Green), Frank Kremblas (Ohio St.)

HOUSTON OILERS OWNER BUD ADAMS, FOOTBALL ON DESK, WIFE'S PORTRAIT ON WALL, DOES BUSINESS IN SNUG OFFICE CONTAINING

PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

of Kansas, where he was a blocking back during the two years he attended college.

It is primarily upon the cash, character and acuity of Hunt and Adams that the American Football League must rest its hopes of survival. Hunt was the prime mover in the organization of the league and he found a willing ally in Adams. They got together in February after each had failed to buy the Cardinals. Adams, by his own admission, may have come closest to owning the team.

"We valued the club at a million and a half bucks," Adams said the other day. He was sitting in his vast office behind a black desk the size of a billiard table, dressed in a blue Ivy League suit—and a red vest, blue shirt with a white collar and a blue tie. "One per cent of a million and a half is . . . what? Let's see . . . 15 thousand. We came that close. In a hotel in Miami. I was willing to settle for 50% of the club, but Violet Wolfner [the Cardinals' owner] didn't want to sell more than 49% and the deal fell through."

When negotiations collapsed, the American Football League was born. "Lamar came through Houston and dropped in to see me," Adams said. "I didn't know him but we had dinner together and in the course of the conversation we reminisced about trying to buy the Cardinals. Just before he left for the airport I told Lamar, 'Maybe we ought to start our own league.' The next time I saw him, maybe three months later, he had lined up four other franchises besides his own hometown Dallas club and he asked me if I wanted in. I said, 'Hell, yes!'"

Hunt had approached the other franchise owners through personal contacts and through the good offices of Harry Wismer. Wismer, who owns 25% of the Washington Redskins and who for several years has fought a running battle over operation of the club with Redskin Owner George Preston Marshall, was ripe for a proposition to start a new league. Wismer, of course, has been one of the top sports announcers for some 20-odd

LOS ANGELES CHARGERS OWNER Barron Hilton and General Manager Frank Leahy pose outside Carte Blanche office. Hilton credit business may explain Chargers name.

BARBECUE PIT (RIGHT REAR), LILY POND

years, and has had interests in professional football nearly as long.

Wismer formed the New York Titans with backing from two Midland, Texas oilmen and from Joseph Arcuni, a former intercollegiate tennis player who now owns a large textile business in New York. It was Wismer who brought in Ralph C. Wilson Jr., who now holds the Buffalo franchise. Wilson is a 41-year-old Detroiter who owns a small interest in the Detroit Lions. His father made a fortune hauling automobiles, and Wilson has a considerable chunk of that fortune along with his own successful insurance business. When he heard of the new league, he called Wismer and said, "Count me in. I'll take a franchise anywhere you suggest."

Hunt found his Los Angeles franchise owner through an old friend, tennis player Gene Mako. Mako, a resident of Los Angeles, suggested that Hunt first try Barron Hilton, the 32-year-old son of Conrad Hilton, the hotel magnate. Barron, a sports enthusiast, operates the Carte Blanche credit-card end of his father's hotel business and has money enough to support a pro football team without outside help. He needed no persuasion to accept Hunt's offer of a franchise in the new league.

TWO BASEBALL MEN

The owner of the Denver franchise is Bob Howsam, whose family also owns the Denver Bears baseball team in the American Association. An indefatigable joiner, Howsam has strong civic ties in Denver. Several years ago he was one of the leaders in a group of Denver businessmen who nibbled tentatively on the tempting Chicago Cardinal bait.

The spokesman for the Boston franchise applied to Hunt for his place in the league when he heard of its formation. He is Bill Sullivan, president of the Metropolitan Coal and Oil Co. Sullivan was a friend of Frank Leahy, who is now general manager of the Los Angeles Chargers, when Leahy was coach at Boston College and later at Notre Dame. After Navy service in World War II, he became publicity director for the Boston Braves. If this background seems less than ideal for training a man to operate a pro football team, Sullivan does have ideas. He said recently: "I will say in one respect we might improve on the NFL. That's in the between-the-halves entertainment. It's kind of incongruous to see that terrific football and then find yourself watching the East Chicopee Junior High School band. We're going to give our TV sponsor as much for his money as we can." Sullivan did not specify what he will substitute for the East Chicopee Junior High School band.

There will be another franchise in the league, and the fact that one has not already been named is testimony to the sudden respect NFL owners showed for the new operators. Inclined originally to shrug the AFL off as the dream of a money-happy young Texan, the NFL crowd reacted with a vengeance when they found the AFL moving into the potentially rich Minneapolis-St. Paul region. With a bald power play the NFL frightened the AFL owners there out of business. At an AFL meeting in Minneapolis, a telegram was read from George Halas, head of the NFL's expansion committee and owner and coach of the Chicago Bears, assuring the citizenry of Minneapolis-St. Paul that they would be granted an NFL franchise immediately. With this plum dangling before them, the city fathers, who control the stadium, decided to back and fill before committing the park to the AFL entry. At this, the AFL owners bowed out, prompting Joe Foss, ex-governor of South Dakota, ex-marine fighter pilot who won a Congressional Medal of Honor and since November 30 commissioner of the AFL, to threaten darkly a trip to Washington for a chat with old political friends on the

continued

DENVER'S Bob Howsam has a small stadium but high hopes.

BOSTON'S Bill Sullivan has a baseball background, no field.

BUFFALO'S Ralph Wilson Jr. has politicians' solid support.

NEW YORK'S Harry Wismer has Polo Grounds, experience.

Senate's antitrust committee. The NFL is also contemplating moving into Dallas and very likely will do so at its meeting in Miami this week.

The eighth AFL franchise will go, eventually, to Atlanta, Miami or San Francisco. The new league owners are understandably reluctant to say which of these cities will be favored until after the NFL Miami meeting, when the old league will either be irretrievably committed to expansion to Minneapolis-St. Paul, Dallas and possibly even Miami, or to going along with the present league of 12 teams.

How long the American Football League will last depends on the strength of the coaching and managerial organizations, the tenacity and financial staying power of the owners, and on how soon the AFL can bring its football up to an even rating with the NFL. As it is presently set up, the AFL has four strong franchises: Dallas, Houston, Buffalo and New York. Denver and Boston are handicapped by stadium difficulties, Los Angeles by the tremendous competition of the Los Angeles Rams.

SHOWDOWN IN DALLAS

The crucial battle between the two leagues will probably take place in Dallas, where Hunt's Texans will be competing with a team backed by the oil millions of Clint Murchison Jr. and Bedford Wynne. Hunt wisely secured an option on the Cotton Bowl which gives him the right to select eight dates—one exhibition and seven league games, so that the rival NFL team must take what's left. He has allotted some $8 million to the operation of his team, but this is no advantage over the NFL team, which has equally solid financial backing. The importance the National Football League attaches to the Dallas franchise was indicated in a phone call Hunt received this August from a veteran NFL owner. "You have a National League franchise in the palm of your hand," he was told. "All you have to do is close your hand."

The NFL Dallas Rangers have a strong edge in top administrative personnel in General Manager Tex Schramm, who was with the Los Angeles Rams in that capacity for most of 10 years and in Head Coach Tom Landry, probably the best young coach in the NFL. Landry left the New York Giants to take the job in Dallas. Too, the Dallas NFL team can offer a more attractive schedule, playing against established teams like the Chicago Bears and the Baltimore Colts while the Dallas Texans will be playing the unknown teams of its own league.

LAMAR HUNT, real founder of the AFL, has a fortune to spend on Dallas team.

Incidentally, H. L. Hunt, Lamar's father, publicly disavowed any interest in his son's team by sending a crusty letter to each of the Dallas papers saying that he did not believe the Texans would succeed and feared pro football in Dallas would hurt college football. One of the old man's few extravagances is betting on college football; he is one of the biggest football gamblers in the country. In his board room, where he meets with the proconsuls of his oil empire, there is one phone kept separate from the others. When it rings, the oil men leave precipitately, and Hunt talks with his bookie. By cutting himself off from his son's team, Hunt cleared the club from any possible connection with his gambling activities.

FRIGHTENING BUT NOT HOPELESS

In Los Angeles and New York, the new league faces old, successful pro franchises. Barron Hilton's Chargers are in a peculiarly difficult position because the Rams have first call on the Los Angeles Coliseum dates, and the Chargers must either be content with their leavings, move to the Rose Bowl in distant Pasadena or wait for the completion of the Chavez Ravine home of the Dodgers. The Chargers, on the credit side, have more than adequate money and a seasoned pro coach—although last year not a successful one—in the Los Angeles Rams' ex-mentor, Sid Gillman.

Wismer's New York Titans face a tough fight trying to wean fans away from the rabid and numerous following of the New York Giants. But Wismer has a good head coach in Sam Baugh and, for the present at least, he has the Polo Grounds. He, too, has enough money.

Probably the best franchises in the new league are in Buffalo and Houston, where the Bills and the Oilers

BILLY CANNON signs controversial second football contract with AFL's Houston Oilers before 80,000 spectators at the Sugar Bowl. He had already signed with LA Rams.

have no NFL competition, adequate stadiums, intelligent management and lots of money. Buffalo was a strong franchise in the old All-America Conference and the town seems hungry for another team. Through the intercession of Attorney Paul Crotty, a political power in Buffalo and friend of Wismer, Wilson was all but given the Civic Stadium in Buffalo—at a rental of $5,000 for the season with free office space thrown in.

Adams, of course, has unlimited money to pour into the Houston club. He is spending some of it in enlarging a high school football stadium from 24,000 to 38,000 seats at a cost of $300,000. His rental will then be about $30,000 a year, a very favorable figure.

In Denver, Howsam has a small 19,000-seat baseball park, albeit a very fine one, which he plans to enlarge to 30,000. Whether Denverites will turn out in sufficient numbers (an estimated 27,000 to 30,000 per game throughout the league) to support the team remains to be seen. Boston, with no park yet available to play in, no complete list of owners released, no head coach named and no history of strong interest in the professional game, seems the least likely of all the clubs to make it.

All in all, the problems of the American Football League are frightening but not impossible. It costs around $1 million a year to operate a pro football team; the owners in the AFL realize this and apparently are willing to spend that amount. The budget for the New York Titans is $986,000 a year, for the Dallas Texans between $800,000 and $900,000.

The new league faces a strongly entrenched NFL which has shown, in early skirmishes, a fierce appetite for combat. Even so, the AFL is signing a surprising number of good college players in direct competition with the NFL and getting into trouble once in a while, as in the Billy Cannon case, where Cannon had already signed with the Los Angeles Rams.

As of now, it looks as though the AFL will survive for at least two years. By then the intransigent NFL may be willing to accept the strongest of the AFL survivors, in which case Lamar Hunt, who only wanted a pro club for Dallas in the first place, will have accomplished his purpose.

And maybe it won't have cost him all of that $8 million. Not quite. END

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CHAMPION JIM SHOULDERS WON EVERYTHING ON BULL RIDING

RODEO / *Joan Dickinson*

The cowboys' world series

The first National Finals Rodeo in Dallas turned into a roaring good show for America's roughest sport

SELDOM has the three-way competitive nature of rodeo—man against beast against another man against another beast—been demonstrated so dramatically as at the recent National Finals Rodeo in Dallas. This was a real cowboy world series, the first ever held, and the 60,000 spectators who watched the five-day contest in roaring excitement provided assurance that it will become an annual event.

Twice a day 15 title contenders in each standard event (saddle bronc, bareback and bull riding, steer wrestling and calf roping) competed against each other on stock selected for its toughness from some 50 rodeo contractors in the U.S. and Canada. The prize money was the largest ever offered for a five-day rodeo—$57,500.

To Bill Linderman, one of the great rodeo competitors of all time, both the decision to stage the rodeo and the size of the purse meant the realization of a long-cherished plan. Linderman, who won his first title in 1943 and passed up his chance to compete at the Finals in order to act as arena director, had argued for 10 years, as a member of the Rodeo Cowboys' Association Board of Directors, that the world championships should no longer be decided simply by comparing various riders' money winnings during the season. He argued for a climactic year-end event which would put the biggest money-winners on the best animals in direct competition.

He got it. At Dallas, qualified contestants had a chance to win as much as $4,600 in each event—enough to put victory within reach of any one of several top money-winners.

Only in the calf roping and steer wrestling were the first-place men so far in the lead they could not be caught. Roper Jim Bob Altizer, who with $24,380 won had already established a new record for single-event winnings, was $6,972 ahead. Bulldogger Harry Charters, voted Rookie of the Year, held a $5,783 lead and went on to show the fastest time in steer wrestling at the Finals.

But it was an open race in the riding events. Only Casey Tibbs won early, clinching his sixth saddle bronc championship when his closest competitor was bucked off the first two horses. The battle for the bareback title narrowed to two men on the third day, but Defending Champion Jim Shoulders did not lose out to Jack Buschbom till the last night.

The bull riding proved to be the closest and most viciously fought contest of all. Jim Shoulders went into the first day's action only $42 behind Bob Wegner, who is six years his junior and was runner-up for the title last year.

Time after time the lead shifted between the two men. As the pressure mounted, and with just one bull left to conquer, Wegner scored the highest-marked ride of the Finals—only to fall under the bull with his hand caught in the rope. He was dragged in circles until his hand jerked free, and even then the bull had him trapped. It charged and threw Wegner in the air before the clowns could rush in.

A few hours later, bruised but otherwise unhurt, Wegner went out on his final ride exactly $2.50 behind Shoulders, after a year's competition in which each had won more than $15,700. The animals were at their meanest for this final event. Ed LeTourneau, a college student from California who had made a spectacular record in the Finals but had competed only occasionally during the season, came out on an 1,800-pound beast who had been ridden only four times in five years. He stuck with him to the horn to earn second place in the National Finals standings, but he was hit in the face getting away from the bull. His lip was split, and seven teeth were knocked out.

The next four men were thrown. Then Shoulders wheeled into the arena on Tiger, a bull who had dumped 46 out of 50 riders. Sitting tight and straight as the bull heaved and spun, Shoulders concentrated on just one thing—holding on. He did. Wegner followed on Mohammed, a bull owned, ironically, by Shoulders' rodeo stock contracting company. He weathered the first few jumps, then fell when the bull suddenly reversed.

Shoulders thus won $2,435 to keep his bull-riding title, plus $1,087 in bareback to make him the biggest money-winner of the rodeo. His total rodeo winnings for the year were lifted to $33,176, making him the World's Champion All Around Cowboy for the fifth time. His 16 world championship titles in separate events are a record never before approached. He also got an oil well put up as a prize by an impulsive fan. **END**

Tip from the Top

LOU MYERS, *Ledgemont CC, Seekonk, Mass.*

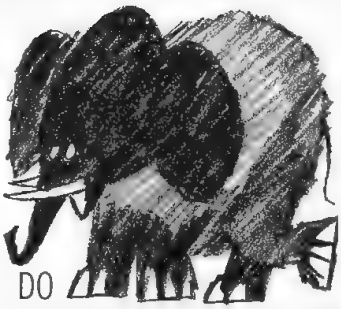
Essentials of the chip

TOO MANY PLAYERS try to push or scoop the ball to the green on their chip shots. A good chip is a much freer stroke. It begins with the application of certain fundamentals we all know—the blade kept square to the line, the clubhead never picked up. But the essence of it is the stroke. You can never become a consistent chipper unless you first develop a sound, efficient stroke which you can play without being conscious of hitting the ball. On impact, the left arm and hand should be in charge. The right joins in the stroke, but it shouldn't dominate it, the way it does in the chip shots of poor golfers. With them the right hand pushes the left arm and hand out of the way, which brings on inaccuracy and lack of touch. It is quite the reverse when the left hand is in control. Then, regardless of the club you use, you can count on uniformity. The shot is always on line. There is no conscious collision of ball and clubhead at impact.

Since most golfers don't possess the muscular coordination to become scratch players, and since every golfer wants to score as low as possible, at every club there is a handful of players who have concentrated with success on developing a fine short game, that department of golf which saves so many strokes and yet requires less muscular talent than full shots. These players have developed touch. Most golfers can do the same with intelligent practice. I particularly recommend sessions where the player begins chipping at the apron of a green and then gradually moves back, 10 yards at a time, using the same stroke for each shot, merely lengthening the swing as the distance requires.

The left arm and hand are in control going back and on the forward stroke

NEXT PRO: *Fred Novak on starting back with the left foot*



DO ELEPHANTS SUFFER FROM ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCH?

After years of research, leading elephasophiles* have come to the conclusion they just don't know the answer.

They do know, beyond any doubt, that young bull elephants sometimes suffer from bags under the eyes—but this could happen to anyone who stays out late.

But can you imagine the sound of an elephant's roar if athlete's foot *did* cause his toes to itch and burn?

Fortunately, you don't have to roar like an elephant if you have athlete's foot itch. We know a secret that lets you get rid of athlete's foot itch so fast you almost can't believe you had it.

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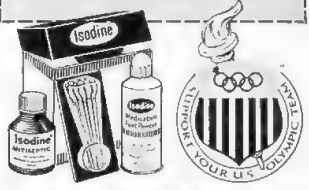

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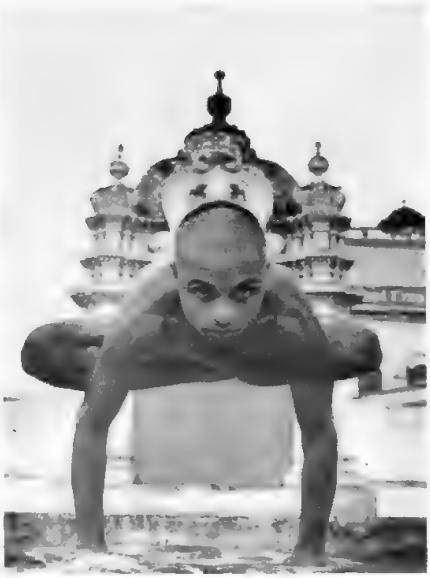
YOGA COMES WEST

A student of the ancient Eastern art reports on its new popularity and tells what it is—and is not

by JOE DAVID BROWN



IN INDIA A SKILLFUL YOGI STRIKES AN ANCIENT POSTURE

ONE midwinter evening a few years ago my wife and I attended a tent show just off Chandni Chowk, the teeming main street of Old Delhi. Even by Indian standards it was not much of a show. There was an appallingly inept magician, there were some fairly good Chinese jugglers and the usual quota of dispirited musicians and bovine-gaited dancing girls. There was a plump Punjabi girl who came out between acts and belted out ribald songs which had the Sikh taxi drivers in the audience in a back-pounding uproar. After an hour or so of this a tall and pitifully emaciated Indian, who appeared to be in his late 30s, emerged from the wings and strolled to the center of the stage. He was not in costume but wore what in India passes for Western dress, a cheap cotton shirt with the long tails flapping over a pair of baggy cotton trousers. He had a wad of pan (a betel leaf mixture) tucked in one cheek, and he was obviously a habitual user of the stuff, because pan juice had dyed his lips a deep crimson. He stood listlessly in the center of the stage, giving his cud a lazy chew now and then while the master of ceremonies introduced him as a famous yogi who would give a demonstration of his powers.

The master of ceremonies then turned to the small cluster of Westerners in the front row of the audience and pointed to me and a young doctor attached to the Canadian High Commissioner's office in New Delhi. He asked if we would come to the stage and act as witnesses to the performance. We agreed.

An armchair was brought to the center of the stage, and the tall Indian sat down, stretched his thin arms along the armrests and asked us to take positions on opposite sides of him. He then asked each of us to locate the pulse in the nearer wrist and to keep our fingers on it. The doctor, who was on the Indian's left, did this quickly and expertly. I had a bit more difficulty. The doctor and I were then instructed to place our free hands close together over the man's heart. When he was satisfied that we felt both his pulse and the steady beat of his heart, the Indian settled back, closed his eyes and took a deep breath. After a few seconds his body gave a convulsive jerk, he made a small hiccoughing sound, and he slumped into what seemed to be some sort of trance.

THE SILENT HEART

Almost immediately I felt his pulse beat grow erratic under my fingers. It jumped and stopped, jumped and stopped, and then stopped altogether. I looked up to see if the doctor had observed this, and his face was as startled as mine must have been. But this was only the beginning. Suddenly the Indian's heart missed a beat . . . another . . . then just stopped beating.

In my bewilderment I thought

something had gone wrong. I wondered if we had a corpse on our hands. As the seconds ticked off the doctor and I exchanged uneasy glances. Somehow, probably from our faces, the audience sensed what had happened. It was deadly quiet in the tent. I have no way of knowing how long we stood there. Later I estimated it was at least 30 seconds. My wife said it was a minute, perhaps more.

Suddenly, as quickly as it had stopped, the man's heart gave a tremendous thump under our hands, then another and another, until it settled down to a steady beat. The man took a deep heaving breath and his pulse jumped a couple of times and began to throb steadily. He came out of his trance and made a feeble attempt to sit up. He was deathly pale and his face was a mask of fatigue. Two men appeared and half carried, half dragged him off the stage. He was past caring about applause.

After the show I had time for only a few words with the Canadian doctor. He had no more of an explanation for what we witnessed than I did. All he could do was reassure me, as a doctor, that the man's heart and pulse had indeed seemed to come to a full and complete stop.

I was not so easily reassured, and to this day I am not sure whether what I saw—and felt—that night was a demonstration of genuine advanced yoga powers or an extremely clever bit of sideshow fakery. But I am grateful for that encounter in Old Delhi because it led me into a study of yoga, and for an American this can be a remarkably stimulating—and sometimes humbling—experience.

THE POPULAR NOTIONS

I had already read a little about yoga, and I probably had an edge on most Americans who associated it with turbaned fakirs lying on beds of spikes, walking across hot coals, eating glass, skewering themselves with sharp instruments or allowing themselves to be buried alive. Some Americans think yoga is a religion. Others think it is somehow linked to fortune-telling, hypnotism or extrasensory perception.

These misconceptions have persisted even though yoga has been flourishing for years in dozens of odd corners of the U.S., notably in Los Angeles and New York. Several movie actresses—Marilyn Monroe, Gloria Swanson, Jennifer Jones and Olivia de Haviland—have given yoga a whirl. An awed silence descended on Jacobs' Beach a few years back when word spread that Heavyweight Contender Lou Nova was learning to do weird things with his stomach muscles under the tutelage of a yoga teacher named Oom the Omnipotent. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt practiced yoga exercises for a while. Yoga got a boost from the music world when Violinist Yehudi Menuhin, an avid enthusiast, presented his *guru* (instructor) with a wristwatch inscribed, "To my best violin teacher. . . ."

During the past year yoga seems to have attracted a much wider following in this country. Under its influence housewives, professors and athletes are holding their breaths and contemplating the tips of their noses. In some cities books on yoga have become bestsellers and more are being published each month. No one seems to have a satisfactory explanation for this sudden popularity, but one thing is certain: each day more Americans are discovering that yoga is the most intoxicating, the most startlingly effective and, unless precautions are taken, the most dangerous system of physical and mental training they have ever tackled.

In the East yoga is rated as a science—one of the most ancient known to man. The fundamental principles of yoga were written some 2,000 years ago. They may have been practiced for as long as 6,000 years. Centuries before Western man had a thought beyond filling his stomach and finding a mate, Eastern sages and mystics were evolving yoga as a means of gaining mastery over their bodies and minds. Perhaps yoga always had a

continued

IN RHODE ISLAND MANSION Socialite-Heiress Mrs. William H. Harkness and her children practice the classic yoga posture of *sirsasana* (headstand) in dining room.

lunatic fringe. Certainly in modern times no other scientific discipline has attracted so many robed swamis, bearded messiahs, screwball health faddists, faith healers and just ordinary entertainers out to promote a dollar. Yet this cannot obscure the historic fact that for centuries thousands of fanatically dedicated men have spent their entire lives in solitary meditation, sometimes practicing fantastic austerities, to accumulate knowledge in yoga.

As a result true yogis, *i.e.*, masters of yoga, have physical and perhaps occult powers which stagger the imagination. They will not exhibit these powers for money or to entertain the curious. To do so would defeat the purpose for which they spent long hours in acquiring the powers. Now and then, however, especially in India, it is possible to find men who have mastered some fairly advanced yoga practices and then for some reason or another decided to return to the everyday world. It is also sometimes possible to find some performers who were willing to spend years practicing certain aspects of yoga so they could acquire skills which would assure them a livelihood. Perhaps the performer I saw who seemed to stop his heart was one of these men.

While I still was trying to find some logical explanation for his performance, I consulted two doctors I knew in New Delhi. One was my small daughter's pediatrician, the other was my own physician. Both were highly Westernized Indians who had received their degrees from Cambridge. My questions seemed to embarrass them. The pediatrician spoke vaguely of certain people developing strange powers, and after a long rambling discourse on yoga in general, finally admitted that what I had seen was a fairly common phenomenon. "*But there's no medical research on* the subject," he concluded. "It could be done with drugs, for all we know."

My own doctor was, at least, more forthright. "Medical science says it can't be done, and since I'm a medical man I say it can't be done either," he said. "But, of course, I know it is done all the time. Maybe some day there will be a scientific explanation. Until there is, I would rather not comment on it."

"Why don't you do some research on the subject?" I asked.

He smiled. "Genuine yogis would not cooperate even if I knew where to find them. And I'm much too busy to go around running experiments on freaks at village fairs. Besides, it's not exactly a subject on which a doctor establishes a reputation—or even wants to be associated with, for that matter."

Later, as I did more research on yoga, I found that this statement was not completely correct. While there is little solid scientific research on yoga, reputable scientists from time to time have taken an interest in the subject. In 1931, for instance, Dr. Kovoor Thomas Behanan, a psychologist attached to Yale's Institute of Human Relations, went to India and underwent a year's novitiate in yoga exercises to assess their physiological value. Subsequently he published his findings in a book, *Yoga: A Scientific Evaluation* (Macmillan), which still is a standard work on the physical benefits of yoga. Commenting on what yoga had done for him personally,

DEEP IN TRANCE, an Indian adept sits for some medical tests of his yoga powers.

Dr. Behanan reported: "No work, physical or mental, could tire me so rapidly as it did before. . . . My mental-emotional life is no longer a blind catch-as-catch-can."

More recently, Dr. Basu Bagchi, professor of electroencephalography at the University of Michigan Medical Center at Ann Arbor, has been conducting research into yoga. Three years ago Dr. Bagchi, an Indian who has become an American citizen, and Dr. M. A. Wenger of the University of California made a field trip to India. Although they examined an assortment of swamis, fakirs and so-called holy men, some of whom were accomplished "maneuverists"—Dr. Bagchi's term for contortionists—they were unable to persuade meditative yogis to sit for their tests.

Their search was not, however, entirely unrewarded. Swami Shantanada, the 60-year-old founder of the Yogi University of Delhi, agreed to visit Ann Arbor and undergo a series of scientific experiments.

THE ELECTRIFIED SWAMI

Swami Shantanada is not a performer or "maneuverist." But he is one of India's most highly respected yogis, and has the ability to go deep into the state of meditation. During three long sessions the swami allowed himself to be tested with a battery of polygraphs, electrocardiographs, electroencephalographs and other sensitive measuring devices. After evaluating several hundred separate readings Dr. Bagchi found that the swami did have more than normal conscious control over his breathing. When the swami fell into a meditative state, for instance, he was able without noticeable strain to lower his respiration to four to six breaths per minute compared with his normal rate of 15 breaths per minute. Dr. Bagchi, an expert on electrical diagnosis of brain disorders, found another reading even more remarkable. Even after the swami had sat quietly in one position for as long as two hours, his electroencephalograph reading showed that his brain waves underwent no change. After 15 minutes of repose the average person's brain waves often show signs of sleepiness.

Most scientific research into yoga seeks to determine the control it gives *an adept over his autonomic nervous* system. It has long been accepted that comparative novices can do extraordinary feats with their muscles. Even after I had read a number of books on yoga I was dumfounded one night to see an erudite and witty Indian gentleman, who was a High Court Justice, pop a piece of string in his mouth and then make it emerge from his right nostril. This exercise (known as *neti kriya*) is thought to keep the nasal passages clean and healthy. It is not considered a par-

ticularly difficult exercise and often is learned with a few weeks of training.

This is only one of several yoga processes of cleansing the body. Although they require varying degrees of knowledge and skill, none is rated as particularly difficult for an adept. In *dhoti-kriya* (stomach cleansing) a long piece of wet cloth (a one-inch gauze bandage is ideal) is swallowed and then by muscular control rotated to scrub the interior of the stomach.

Another fairly commonplace exercise which never fails to astound Westerners is *uddiyana bandha* (pelvic contraction). From the time he begins yoga exercises in India, a student works to gain control of his anal sphincters. After he learns to contract and expand these two circular muscles the student concentrates on manipulating them together or separately. Soon, by muscular control alone, he is able to draw water into his colon and give it a cleansing massage. During this exercise enough vacuum also is created to enable him to draw water into his bladder.

Indians don't find these exercises remarkable at all. In fact, it probably is true that if Westerners are too skeptical of yoga, Indians aren't skeptical enough. The High Court Justice who passed the string through his nose held me entranced one evening while he recounted, quite seriously, all the powers true yogis are said to possess. Among these is the potent *kundalini* (serpent power), by use of which yogis are reputed to make themselves invisible, to hang suspended in mid-air, to dart through space with the speed of light, to live for 200, 300 or even a thousand years.

"Surely you don't believe these things," I finally protested.

He smiled and shrugged. "I believe a little of everything except what barristers tell me in my court," he said.

Some Indians believe that true yogis can raise the dead, heal the sick with a touch, turn staffs into serpents and, when angry, strike plants and people dead with a word. In fact, though devout Christians often find it blasphemous, it is a favorite dialectic exercise of some Indians to attribute these and a whole list of similar powers to yogis, and then, when Westerners protest at their credulity, to point out that the Christian Bible attests that all these things are possible. Such arguments tend to lose some of their blasphemous sting if one forgets the superstitious and carnival

GUIDED BY "GURU," world-famed Violinist Yehudi Menuhin practices yoga process of *neti kriya*, in which cord is passed through nose and out mouth for nasal cleaning.

aspects of yoga and examines it historically. For, although yoga is not a religion in itself, its ancient roots are sunk deeply in Hinduism.

The word yoga comes from the Sanskrit root *yuj*, which means yoke or join, and it was devised as an ascetic and athletic discipline to control the appetites and passions so the devout could yoke their minds with the Infinite, Truth, Light, God—or whatever one prefers to call the Ultimate Reality.

A CODE OF PURIFICATION

The ancient Hindus were aware that most people would marry, raise families, struggle for a living and, if possible, acquire riches. They also believed, however, as do people of most religions, that the ideal and truly noble man "pants after God as a miser after gold" and would devote his life to establishing communion with Him. To help the truly religious attain this union, the ancient Hindus established a code of morality which would help them purify their minds and bodies. This code is called the *yama-niyama*. It is the foundation of yoga, and its 10 points are the equivalent of, and in many respects strongly resemble, the Ten Commandments of Christianity and Judaism. All aspiring yogis are expected to cultivate its virtues: noninjury, truth-speaking, abstinence from stealing, celibacy, disowning of possessions, purity, contentment, fortitude, study and devotion to the Supreme Reality.

After he had proved himself capable of following the *yama-niyama*, a devotee was offered five methods of yoga by which to liberate himself from bondage to the desires and appetites of the world and achieve a single-minded preoccupation with God. *Hatha* yoga offered liberation by teaching mastery over mind and body; *karma* yoga by unselfish work and action; *bhakti* yoga through devotion; *jnana* yoga through knowledge; and *mantra* yoga through repititious prayers and other invocations. A yogi who mastered any of these methods usually passed on into *raja* yoga (royal yoga), the yoga of supreme consciousness and the highest form of all.

No matter what method of yoga he followed, a yogi usually became

continued

versed in *hatha* yoga, for only by gaining control of his body and mental desires could he free himself from his environment. *Hatha* yoga, in a simple and modified form, is the yoga which is taught in the West. *Hatha* yoga itself is divided into six stages. Different teachers may modify or even omit certain stages to accommodate different classes or individual students, but if they are true students they usually follow the classic pattern as closely as possible.

The first stage of *hatha* yoga is *asana* (posture—the exercises shown on pages *60 61*); the second is *pranayama* (breath control); the third is *pratyahara* (nerve control); the fourth is *dharana* (mind control); the fifth is *dhyana* (meditation); and the last is *samadhi*, the state where the genuine yogi achieves Oneness with the Supreme Reality.

Yoga is not a do-it-yourself system. Even in India, where each year thousands of men (and sometimes women) still turn their backs on the world and begin a dedicated study of yoga, a true aspirant attaches himself to a *guru* for training. This training may last for years, and only a few of the thousands who set out finally graduate to the master *gurus* of the Himalayas who can help them explore the upper reaches of yoga.

SEVEN YEARS IN DARKNESS

Possibly only a handful over a decade will reach the point where they are equipped actually to practice the discipline of higher yoga. There are facilities for those who do. In some parts of the Himalayas yogis can have themselves sealed in small stone cubicles. Food and water is passed in once a day through openings designed so that no light filters through them. A yogi may sit alone in the darkness for seven years or more, concentrating on subjugating his mind and body so completely that he and the Supreme Reality become one.

But all of this, of course, has very little to do with yoga as practiced in the West. Most yoga teachers do not believe that any amount of training can prepare the normal modern mind in its modern surroundings to grapple with the higher aspects of yoga. Insofar as possible, they try to strip

FIVE BASIC YOGA POSTURES

"PADMASANA," the famed lotus pose, is both a cultural and therapeutic posture.

YOGA MUDRA," or symbol of yoga, has beneficial effect on the internal organs.

"BADDHA PADMASANA" is meditative pose, also aids in expanding the chest and lungs.

"HALASANA," or plough pose, helps keep spine elastic, strengthens neck and arms, and slims by tightening muscles in abdomen

"MAYURASANA" tones up digestive system. All postures were demonstrated by Sachin Majumdar of Yoga Institute of New York.

the Western brand of yoga of its mystic Eastern symbolism. Reputable yoga teachers in this country disabuse their students of any notion that they will acquire supernatural powers. After a few years of regular study they may sometimes expand their own latent physical and mental powers to a degree that amazes themselves and their friends, but this is an incidental benefit. Limbering and slimming the body is also a side effect, though admittedly it is the reason so many Americans are flocking to yoga courses.

Yoga is not a form of calisthenics, for calisthenics are designed only to engineer muscles or improve muscle tone. Yoga is a system of bodily, mental and spiritual improvement. It can be taken up for any single one of its benefits, but it should be studied as a whole. "If I were asked to sum up yoga in one sentence," said an American teacher, "I would say that it gives elasticity to body, mind and spirit." Yoga teaches that a healthy body is necessary to any achievement, particularly for man's greatest achievement—a happily balanced mind. Centuries before medical science did any research on the subject at all, yoga taught that the mind exerts a tremendous influence on the body. Long before the theory became popular, yoga demonstrated, for example, that most people tend to overeat because of nervousness and tensions. When these tensions are overcome by training, a student automatically eats more sensibly. The same thing is true of smoking and drinking. The Martini-gulper and the chain-smoker seek release from tensions which yoga would abolish by cultivating an equanimity of spirit.

Unlike ordinary physical fitness exercises, yoga centers its greatest attention on the spine, lungs, heart and glands.

In Asia, where chairs are not normally used, almost any student immediately can assume the simpler yoga postures. In America this usually takes a bit more doing, though women and children seem able to assume the postures more easily than men. For this reason most yoga courses begin with simple stretching exercises. The important thing is to teach novices how to loosen up and relax their muscles. Relaxation is the first essential in yoga, and students are taught that they are not in competition with themselves or with each other.

OLD HAND GLORIA SWANSON AND NOVICE MARILYN MONROE TRY TOPSY-TURVY POSE

Sweat, strain, heavy breathing—all the signs a daily-dozen enthusiast associates with reaching the point "where it is doing some good"—are avoided. The purpose is to stretch muscles, not strain them. Postures are held only a few seconds at the beginning and are abandoned the moment strain is felt.

BREATHE SLOWLY, LIVE LONGER

The art of proper breathing is one of the first things students are taught. Modern man has fallen into the habit of breathing only with the top of his lungs. Yoga teaches a deep diaphragm-controlled breathing which not only fills the lungs to capacity but also exercises the intercostal muscles and the diaphragm while it activates the autonomic nervous system. People who take a course in yoga not only breathe more deeply, they also breathe more slowly. Sometimes they find themselves taking only seven or eight breaths a minute, compared with the average normal rate of 17 or 18. Enthusiasts claim that slower breathing causes a corresponding slowing of the body's processes and therefore cuts a person's biological age.

To the uninitiated, yoga postures often seem to be mere positions, particularly those which are taken and then held without movement. Actually, in taking the basic and classic lotus pose (*padmasana*) the student, merely by sitting, is toning up the lumbars, buttocks and abdominal muscles and limbering the entire pelvic structure. The spine is straightened and the leg and foot muscles and the joints exercised. It puts the body and its organs in the best position to reap the most benefit from deep breathing exercises. Once it is mastered so it can be held without strain, it is the best position for meditation and concentration. In addition, yoga teachers maintain that this position exerts a beneficial effect on the involuntary processes of respiration, circulation, digestion and elimination.

Exercises of meditation and concentration probably draw the most derision from people who don't understand yoga. Actually, as practiced in the West, there is nothing outlandish or esoteric about the exercises at all. Nearly everyone agrees that silence

continued

is a truly golden and rare commodity nowadays. Yoga demands that students slip away each day and spend a few minutes in silence. But just to sit while the mind wanders aimlessly is not enough. For that reason yoga exercises of concentration have evolved.

Concentration is an intensely difficult art and it must be learned. The yoga student begins his training by choosing some object to fasten his mind on. A rose is a popular object because it is aesthetically pleasing, complicated enough to bear extended examination and yet not too exciting to the senses. Novices are advised to begin slowly. It is better to concentrate 30 seconds intensely than to concentrate for three minutes in a half-controlled and disjointed way. Students study every feature of the rose until the shape of its petals and their texture, the exact color of the petals and the stem become fixed in their minds. Until he undertakes this simple exercise, the average student usually has no idea how poor his powers of concentration really are and how his mind has a tendency to wander. With guidance he soon learns how to reject unrelated thoughts. It is not done by trying to shut them out, for conscious resistance by itself interrupts concentration. Irrelevant thoughts are allowed to slip into the mind easily, and then just as easily and gently they are thrust aside.

Meditation is merely an extension and a result of concentration. It is an intensely personal thing. A religious man might, for instance, gain through meditation a greater appreciation of his faith. A poet, artist or architect might meditate on some phase of his work or, better still, decide what he really wants to accomplish through it.

WONDROUS CONTROL of the stomach muscles is demonstrated by Julia Warnack and Pamela Farn, two young English yoga enthusiasts. Followers claim such exercises stimulate their internal organs and help them draw new power from the glands.

TIME FOR YOGA?

When they hear of all the various aspects of yoga, many people ask, "But how could I find the time to do all of that?" It is a fact that a serious study of yoga is a time-consuming thing. But people who take up yoga to improve their health, relax tensions and attain control over their body and emotions are generally surprised to discover how *little* time it takes. Students ordinarily practice 30 minutes a day for five days a week and visit their teacher once a week for an hour. Yoga has the admirable quality of not being divided into parts, but of allowing one to practice everything at once—when one has acquired the knack.

Some teachers compare it to learning to ride a bicycle. A beginner is distracted by the pedals, the handle bars, his balance and having to stay on the right side of the road. But once he learns to ride, all the various functions are coordinated, and he performs them automatically.

As he looked over a dozen-odd businessmen, advertising executives and a TV announcer practicing yoga postures in his large studio in mid-Manhattan recently, a yoga instructor smiled. "Ten years ago," he said, "I never dreamed that so many Americans could get interested in yoga. When I first came here most people laughed when they heard the name. I guess the trouble was they didn't understand it. Now it looks as if America will have as much effect on yoga as yoga does on America. Most of my students call the full headstand 'topsy-turvy' instead of *sirsasana*. Is that good, I wonder?"

It may be. Yoga, having flourished for some 50 centuries, can doubtless survive—and perhaps instruct—Americans. **END**

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

THE TORTURED TENNESSEE

Sirs:

Three vigorous cheers for Alice Higgins for her excellent article *The Torture Must End* (SI, Jan. 11). Let's hope this time the right people read and act!

No other popular sport is more sadly lacking in publicity than the horse show world. A few more such articles, and maybe we can shake lose a few "stones" and get something rolling. If enough people knew what they were *really* seeing in the horse show ring, there might be some action.

Let's face it—the Tennessee Walking Horse does his share of suffering, but he is by no means alone. Let's not forget the tail cutting and set, the cruel bits and the heavy-weighted shoes seen on other breeds and types.

DIANE L. GUILDFORD
North Olmsted, Ohio

Sirs:

It seems that horse shows need more horse lovers and fewer lovers of garnering ribbons at the expense of torturing horses. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is doing a great service to the sport.

GERTRUDE E. LEVIS
Southport, Conn.

Sirs:

I am a small breeder of Tennessee Walking Horses and also try to show them when I get time.

After working my first good colt for one year with chains, I can honestly say that he did not have a sore. I was very much pleased with the way my colt was working and took him to the Dixie Jubilee in Baton Rouge. When I got down there I felt I had brought a plowhorse after watching the big boys work their horses in the barn. Naturally I began to inquire and look around. Man, did I get an education! One trainer offered me a pair of boots which were filled with inverted nails. Not knowing any better, I tried them. Well, in 20 minutes my horse was lame. This, I found later, was what he was supposed to have been. Then I was supposed to have worked him that much harder. As you stated, this causes the horse to get high in front. Then later, I found out about blistering and what it will do to a horse.

Never will it be possible for the judges to correct the situation because most of our judges are trainers. Their horses are in the same condition as the ones which they are judging.

The American Horse Shows Association should pass a rule that boots shall be pulled in every walking horse class and inspected, and any sore horse shall be disqualified. And any trainer directly responsible for training the animal caught spiking or putting nails in the animal's frog shall be barred from all AHSA shows for a period of one year. I think that 75% of the professional trainers will agree with this, but they must meet competition as it is today.

Since the Tennessee Walking Horse was not bred to do a high-stepping rack, let's get to a good, comfortable, classy, fast cross-country horse. And let the horse walk out of the stall, not limp out as though he would rather get down on his knees.

W. P. FULLER
Oakdale, La.

Sirs:

I would certainly like to send this article around to some of our local show managers and see that it got into the hands of other influential people in horse associations, etc. Maybe if the AHSA won't do anything, an enlightened and aroused citizenry will!

I would further like to congratulate Alice Higgins on reporting what she really feels about the horse show sport and what she actually sees in it. Can't say that I have always completely agreed with her, but what the sport needs is someone to criticize when he feels something needs criticizing *that* will improve things. We have too much namby-pamby reporting on horse shows by people who say only what they think the riders or owners want to hear and are scared to death to step on somebody's wealthy toes. Such reporting serves no useful purpose whatever except to get someone's name in the paper and fill up space.

ELIZABETH FRIEDLAENDER
Soquel, Calif.

Sirs:

I had thought that the sweet old Walking Horse had escaped the diabolical treatment inflicted on the other breeds of show horses. The American horse shows are a display of cruelty from beginning to end. Had I known of the things to which our horses were often subjected I would never have entered the show ring. I am told that my father's stable was considered one of the most humane in the big league, and even he did not know the tricks of the trade that were being used behind the scene.

MYRENE HOUCHIN HOBBS
Jefferson City, Mo.

BLOODLINES

Sirs:

How to Watch a Rodeo (SI, Dec. 21) was magnificent, and your illustrator Sam Savitt must be commended. The artist's keen insight and knowledge of the animal is manifest since every muscle and sinew ripples in Mr. Savitt's sketches. Incidentally, Sam Savitt (my cousin) is an expert horseman in his own right and that, coupled with his natural drawing ability manifested at the age of 8, accounts for the excellence of his work.

Could you not give us a photograph of the artist as a horseman himself?

JOSEPH J. SAVITZ
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

HORSEMAN SAVITT

BRIDGE: COLD COMFORT; HOT HANDS

Sirs:

In bridge, at least, New York is neither second-rate nor second-best (*The Decline and Fall of New York*, SI, Jan. 11). Despite increasing competition from all over the nation, teams that were predominantly New Yorkers (four members out of six) won the two major team titles in 1959.

The Vanderbilt Championship, played in Seattle last March, was captured by New Yorkers Jay Becker, George Rapee, John R. Crawford and Tobias Stone, assisted by Sidney Silodor of Philadelphia and Norman Kay of Merchantville, N.J.

The Masters Knockout Team Championship, played in Chicago last August, was captured by New Yorkers Sam Stayman, Morton Rubinow, William Grieve and Vic Mitchell, teamed with Oswald Jacoby of Dallas and ex-New Yorker (now of Los Angeles) Ira Rubin.

Further, Stayman and Rubinow captured the national pair championship in Coronado last month.

In addition to the two teams mentioned above, New Yorkers are included on both the other teams which will represent the U.S. in the World Bridge Olympiad to be

continued

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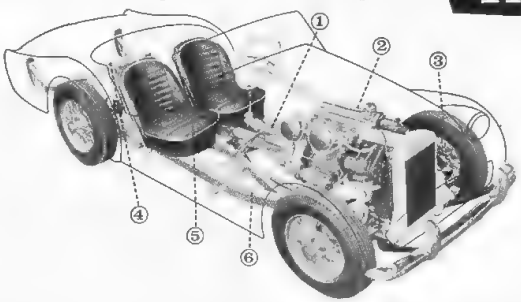

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played in Turin in April. These include Leonard B. Harmon on one team, and Mrs. Helen Sobel, Howard Schenken and Harold Ogust –not to mention SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's own Charles Goren, who is too peripatetic to pin down but maintains one of his home bases in his New York City apartment.

RICHARD L. FREY
American Contract Bridge League
New York City

BRIDGE: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sirs:

When Charles Goren wrote that his new quiz was a "real test even for experts," he could not have been more correct (*Goren's New Quiz*, SI, Dec. 21). I cannot imagine what even such a player as he would have bid with a hand that contained a black deuce of hearts, as do those in problems 10 and 11 of his quiz. The discovery of a black deuce of hearts mixed in among the spades so unnerved me that I missed those questions completely. If that is not a good excuse, you are welcome to offer a better one.

GEORGE MCDOUGALL
Wilmette, Ill.

● "It's only those green suits that give the expert pause," says Charles Goren.—ED.

Sirs:

As one who has scored highly on his most interesting bridge quiz, I would like to question Mr. Goren's answer to problem 17. He gives two hearts as correct, saying that after the opening of one heart "the only bid available is a cue bid in the opponents' suit."

Yet in his own book *Contract Bridge Complete*, in the section on the immediate cue bid, he states that such a bid promises the ability to win the first trick in the suit adversely bid, either with the ace or by ruffing. In problem 17, as South holds a singleton 4 of hearts in his hand, surely his bid of two hearts, while strong, is contradictory to Mr. Goren's own principle.

What does the author have to say about this?

BRIAN POWELL
Montreal, Que.

● Occasionally it is necessary to tell a small lie in the greater interests of truth. When Author Goren said "the only bid available," he implied that the call was not perfect. But it has the virtue of declaring overwhelming strength as no other bid can do, and for that reason must be forgiven the fib regarding first-round control of the heart suit itself.—ED.

Sirs:

Problem 17 leaves us shook, at least.

Needing only aces for either slam, we question the dilly-dally tactic of "two hearts."

Realizing the extent of damage to Mr. Goren's ego in Italy recently, however, we are disposed to forgive him.

JOHN E. SMITH
ROLLIN WEBBER
Arlington, Va.

● Since Readers Smith and Webber are so forgiving, Bridge Editor Goren is disposed to promote the four no-trump bid and will allow the reader to credit himself with two points for that call. It still has the slight disadvantage, however, that a misunderstanding partner might decide to leave him there.—ED.

Sirs:

As usual, I turned eagerly to the bridge quiz. I hope I am not alone among your readers in my disagreement with Charles Goren's suggested bid on problem 11. He advises a double on this one, and I must admit that a double ought to be considered. But the following holding, which I do not think unusual, would be disastrous for South.

NORTH
♠ Q 10 4
♥ K Q J 10 9 3
♦ K Q 7
♣ Q

WEST
♠ K 5 3
♥ 8 6 5 2
♦ 9 8 4 2
♣ 9 6

EAST
♠ 8 7
♥ A 7
♦ J 5
♣ A K J 8 5 3 2

SOUTH
♠ A J 9 6 2
♥ 4
♦ A 10 6 3
♣ 10 7 4

As the situation stands, East will make an overtrick. Give East only six clubs or take the spade king from West and East will still make the contract. It seems that East's hand must be at least as good as this one to make such a dangerous vulnerable overcall. South should have thought twice about this one.

Furthermore, it doesn't seem too remote, looking at the South hand, that North-South could make a game themselves. Being a cautious player, South might tell a white lie about his hand by bidding two diamonds. Now if partner bids two hearts, South can bid his spades or pass, depending on how cautious he may be.

JOHN O'KEEFE
New Haven, Conn.

● No single hand can prove a bid correct or incorrect, says Goren. The North hand cited by Mr. O'Keefe does not in any way alter the propriety of South's bid. In this case, North simply yanks the double because he does not have the kind of hand to cooperate in the defense. But with dozens of other hands, unless South doubled, North and South would miss their best chance for a profit.—ED.

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Pat on the Back

JOSÉ ARILLA

'The thrill of my life'

The Orange Bowl Junior Cup, for which young players from 20 nations competed this month in Miami, is the nearest thing in tennis to a junior Davis Cup. With the Australians absent, Spain beat South Africa for the cup this year, and the most impressive player undoubtedly was José Arilla, a stocky 18-year-old Spanish air force recruit whose father used to be caretaker of the Barcelona Tennis Club.

Spain's success came as no surprise to those who have kept a close eye on international tennis. Arilla was a sensation last year in Australia (he has beaten both Australia's Rod Laver and Sweden's Ulf Schmidt), and his teammate Juan Gisbert, son of a Barcelona hotel owner, is an impressive competitor, too. For Arilla, victory in Miami was "the biggest thrill of my life."

The U.S. juniors lost to South Africa in the semifinals, but Arilla advanced an alibi: "You did not have all your best in Miami." In his judgment, American youngsters ought to be the best in the world "because you have so many public courts."

Jimmy Jemail's

HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *What section of the country produces the best basketball players and why? (Asked of college basketball coaches)*

HONEY RUSSELL
Seton Hall University
South Orange, N.J.

The greatest number of college players come from the New York metropolitan district which includes New Jersey. An average New York high school has 2,000 boys. A high school elsewhere with half that number would be considered large. On percentage alone more good players are bound to develop in New York.

BUD MILLIKAN
University of Maryland
College Park, Md.

The best players, the really great stars come from all areas, but the East has had more than its share. Basketball originated in the East and has been improving ever since, particularly now within the Atlantic Coast Conference. A number of college stars from the East have become outstanding pros.

continued

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HOTBOX *continued*

PRESS MARAVICH
Clemson College
Clemson, S.C.

New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania produce an intelligent group of players endowed with basketball savvy. They size up a scrambled situation and instantly go into a two-man play pattern. Coaching on the high school level is good and playground summer leagues are available to speed development.

JOEL EAVES
Auburn
Auburn, Ala.

I'm not too much of a judge of that because we recruit only from Alabama and Georgia. We like it this way, because we understand our boys. The fans like it, too. However, there is little doubt that the best high school basketball is played in Kentucky where the boys are more interested in basketball than in horses.

JOHNNY WOODEN
UCLA
Los Angeles

I think that more players come from areas that go in more for winter sports, like the East and the north Midwest. That's not saying that they produce the best players. Just look at the rosters of the pro teams. These outstanding players hail from every section of the country, the West Coast, South, Midwest and East.

FORDDY ANDERSON
Michigan State University, East Lansing, Mich.

No one section has a monopoly, but the Midwest produces more good basketball players in number. Take Indiana as an example. It has only three really big cities. The other towns are too small for football, so it's natural for them to emphasize basketball. However, the really great players come from every section of the country.

DOGGIE JULIAN
Dartmouth College
Hanover, N.H.

New York City, which means the entire Metropolitan area. Public schools do a lot of playing, with the many high school coaches doing a magnificent job. It's a bigger sport in New York City than college football. Of course, great players develop in other areas, but not as many as in New York.

ISAAC MOOREHEAD
Texas Southern University, Houston

The really top players come from the Northeast—New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New England. The greatest colored players come from New York City, Chicago and Philadelphia. For instance, Wilt Chamberlain and Guy Rodgers, two of today's top pros, started out in Philadelphia schools.

DOC HAYES
SMU
Dallas

From a consensus of opinion and just plain gossip from other coaches, I wouldn't be surprised if the answer is Illinois because of the tremendous interest in high school basketball there. For years it was Indiana. Now you will find a number of Illinois boys playing regularly on a lot of the top teams in the Midwestern area.

JACK GARDNER
University of Utah
Salt Lake City

The Middle West. That's because they have more players in high schools. The weather, too, has a lot to do with it because sports have to be carried on indoors a greater proportion of the time than in some other sections of the country. The boys also start basketball when they're younger.

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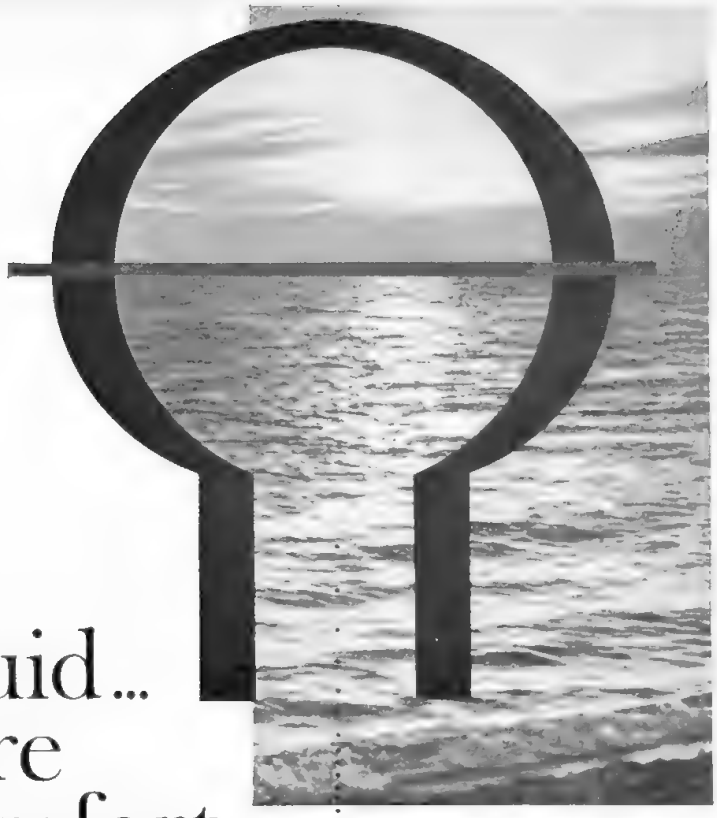

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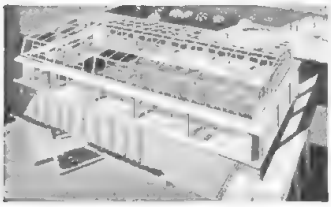

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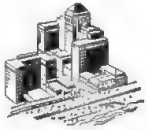

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Philly's snowless ski slope

SLIPPERY SNOW-COVERED GRASS MAKES FOR SPIRITED SKIING BY WISSAHICKON CLUB MEMBER ON RARE DAY WHEN SNOW FELL

Members of the Wissahickon Club have as much fun as New England skiers even though it seldom snows in Philadelphia

by BLANCHE DAY

THE Wissahickon Ski Club of Philadelphia owns a nine-acre hill which boasts a 520-foot elevation with a vertical drop of 250 feet, a 1,200-foot ski run, a 500-foot beginners' slope, several half-mile trails, warming shack, electric tow and lights for night skiing. The only hitch is—it seldom snows in William Penn's "greene countrie towne." Six or seven skiing days a year are the best that can be expected. For winter sports' purposes, Philadelphia is practically in the tropics. New Englanders refer to the Wissahickon crowd as "banana-belt skiers." (This despite the fact that there are many ski clubs and resorts farther south. Strangely enough, many of them can boast of better skiing than Philadelphia.)

It takes very little snow to quicken the pulse of a banana-belt skier. A healthy flurry will bring 100 of them hurrying to their hill. Recently a club member rushed a visiting New Englander out to the hill after a minor precipitation which deposited about three-sixteenths of an inch of snow on the ground. "Why, it's nothing but snow-sprinkled grass," the New Englander jeered. "Oh, but we've got real slippery grass," his hostess insisted indignantly.

Slippery it is, so slippery that a mere whisper of snow provides skiing —a somewhat tame variety, perhaps, but skiing nonetheless. This happy arrangement is thanks to the club's volunteer labor battalion, which manicures the slope's terrain as tenderly as the turf on the center court at Wimbledon. This snow-hungry hill is no whim of a ski-happy millionaire, but the result of work, sweat and blisters contributed by its membership. In exchange for half a dozen days of skiing per year, members devote an annual total of 600 hours of labor to keep the hill and equipment in shape. Seldom has so much been done by so many for so little.

Founded in 1945 by J. A. Poley and M. J. Wilburger, the club started with a membership of 70 and annual dues of $5. The group put a down payment on a hill on the edge of the city limits overlooking the Schuylkill River. At that time the neighborhood was mainly rustic in character, but since then suburbia has expanded into the area. If the present rate of building continues, banana-belt skiers can soon make the unenviable claim of having their ski operation completely surrounded by split-level ranch houses and traffic arteries.

This presents rather special problems. During the first scant skiing of this season, a skier was crowded out of his turn as he tried to halt at the bottom of the slope. Sailing over the retaining wall, he landed on the snowless road, barely missing an auto heading west and almost being hit by one traveling east. "Driver said at least I might have given a hand signal," he reported when he made his

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disgruntled way back to the slope.

Despite its submarginal snow conditions, the club has grown to a membership of 300, with newcomers reaping the benefits of the pioneering performed by charter members. When purchased, the hill was covered with 6-foot-high brush. Equipped with only sickles, scythes, axes, and a jeep for pulling out stumps, work parties cleared the 1,200-foot slope to a width of 300 feet; hacked out a half-mile trail 10 feet wide. They not only cut down the brush, but also dug out all roots and stones. There wasn't a clean fingernail in the crowd for months.

MODEL-T TOW

Then, insolvent but unbowed, they started dreaming of a ski tow. Three mechanically inclined members picked up an old model-T Ford motor for a few dollars and spent the winter converting it into a tow engine. A dozen of them toiled weekends all winter and spring setting it up on the hill. They made a cash outlay for rope, but poles they got gratis by haunting utility company work crews and latching onto discards. Installing the poles, with the jeep their only mechanical aid, was their toughest job. Wives of the installers still shiver at the recollection. "We women huddled at the bottom of the hill and prayed," one of them recalls.

The womenfolk had other duties besides praying. Along with the poles, the group had acquired several hundred crossarms, left over from the dismantling of the New York-to-Philadelphia Postal Telegraph system. Wielding sledge hammers, the able ladies stripped the insulators and pegs off the crossarms. With these the men built a 10-by-20-foot shack to house the motor, adding a pot-bellied stove to thaw skiers between runs. "And the pegs off the crossarms kept us in firewood for years," a dainty blonde hammer wielder reports proudly.

For a year the tow functioned flawlessly. Then after one busy Sunday's usage, the motor exploded, almost leveling the shack and strewing wreckage halfway down the slope. Heaven apparently protects skiers, as well as fools and drunks, for everybody was at the bottom of the hill at the time. "And we were awfully lucky," an optimistic member adds. "It was the last snow of the year."

Zeal undimmed, the engineering corps obtained a rebored Graham-Paige motor, formerly used at an auto track to haul racing cars to the starting line. It was converted for tow action and installed in a new shack before the first snow flurry of the next season. It served faithfully until replaced by an electric motor last fall. The new electric tow is regarded by members as the greatest wonder since the invention of the telephone. "Look-it, you can start the tow just by pushing a button," explains an awed ingénue skier.

But alas, in tropical Philadelphia there is so little occasion to push the button. With their own tenderly tended hill brown and bare 96% of the skiing season, the Wissahickon skiers are obliged to tote their boards off into more snow-blessed hinterlands. One of the club's busiest members is chairman of the trips committee who organizes auto cavalcades for weekend ski junkets.

FEMALE MEMBERS of club manicure the slope with deft hands to smooth surface.

MALE MEMBERS of club climb a pole to hook up rope tow at beginning of season.

EAGER CLUB MEMBERS GET OUT AT NIGHT UNDER LIGHTS TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF SNOW

Snow or rumors of snow within a 450-mile radius of Philadelphia starts *telephones jangling. Safaris form,* leaving at midnight Friday. They drive all night, reach snow country in time to ski all day Saturday, eat dinner, go to bed, get up early and ski all day Sunday, drive all night to tag base in Philly in time for work Monday morning.

Employers have learned not to expect much work from skiers on Mondays between November and March. There is no record of a banana-belt skier being fired for falling asleep at his desk, but it's not a program calculated to advance one to a vice-presidency fast. "The best system is to convert your boss to skiing," a junior executive advises.

Resorts near enough for these weekend jaunts include Ligonier and the Poconos in Pennsylvania; Turin, Old Forge, White Face Mountain and Belleayre in New York; Bromley, Mt. Snow and Dutch Hill in Vermont. Eager-beaver skiers, of course, take their vacations in the winter. Hardier members of the club head west in "wagon trains," three or four station wagons equipped for continuous travel. Luggage is laid flat in the rear of the wagon and covered with air mattresses. The four-man crews follow a rigid 8-hour schedule: two hours at the wheel, two hours beside driver munching emergency rations and reading maps, four hours sleeping. Stopping only for car refueling and one hot meal a day, they make the 2,000-mile trip between Philadelphia and Aspen, Colo., in 42 hours. Total cost for a two-week ski vacation is $200 apiece.

The wagon trains have never been attacked by hostile Indians, but the trip is not without its hazards. Club members have suffered more casualties on icy roads en route to the slopes than during ski runs. To compensate for property damage on ski trips, the club has set up a Voluntary Auto Accident Fund. Passengers contribute two cents a mile to car owners to help defray expenses, one-fourth of which is deposited in the club's accident fund. Disbursements are made, at the discretion of the Disaster Committee, only for "unpreventable accidents." These are defined in the rules (obviously written by a Philadelphia lawyer) as "accidents not resulting from intoxication, unreasonable risks, carelessness, or from poor operating condition of the member's car." Most

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frequent catastrophe is loss of skis when racks fly off cars. Last year a $30 disbursement was made for damages sustained when a deer ran into an auto.

Occasionally, if the group is large enough, the club hires a bus for weekend trips. On one eventful bus trip, 37 members started home from Old Forge, N.Y. at 7 p.m. Sunday. A light snowfall rapidly turned into a blizzard which covered the roads with 28 inches of snow in seven hours.

The bus had advanced only 20 miles when it slid into a ditch from which no amount of pushing by passengers could budge it. They had almost reconciled themselves to death by freezing when they spied headlights approaching from a distance. Figuring it was a snowplow, they piled out of the bus cheering. But the vehicle turned out to be a truck loaded with newspaper photographers who took their pictures and drove off, promising to send help. A cold hour and a half later a plow arrived and hauled them out of the ditch.

Advised that the main highway was closed by drifts, they tried an unfamiliar side road, progressing by inches through a blacked-out countryside. At 2:30 a.m. Monday they reached Waterville, still 270 miles from home port, and decided to put up for the night. Roused from his sleep, the manager of the town's only hotel slammed the door in their faces. A policeman, with a more hospitable nature, finally found them a place to sleep—the floor of the local pub. They didn't get back to Philadelphia until 11:30 Monday night.

All this comes under the heading of good clean fun to the Wissahickon skiers. Cold, hunger and hazard they will suffer gladly in their search for snow. But it would be more fun if only the heavens would send them some snow at home. The younger members live in a state of perpetual optimism. Each tomorrow, they are sure, will bring five beautiful inches of snow to their barren hill. The older ones are less starry-eyed. "We've learned to live with frustration," said one veteran member somberly. "We used to get excited and make big plans at the first flake. Now we wait and see.

"All the same," he added wistfully, "your heart still misses a beat when you see that first flake fall." **END**

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2. "Chopping our way into the Arctic fastness of the lake, we tied life-lines to our wrists and anchored them solidly to the ice. Cold as the water was, we wanted to be certain of getting out exactly where we'd come in.

3. "Swimming rapidly, we chased after the fish. But in those frozen depths, they proved too elusive for us. Finally, unable to feel our toes, we decided to get out as best we could and, in a spot weakened by the sun, crashed through into the light of day.

4. "Chilled to the bone, we retired thankfully to the shelter of a neighboring lodge, there to refresh our spirits in the welcome sight of an old friend—Canadian Club."

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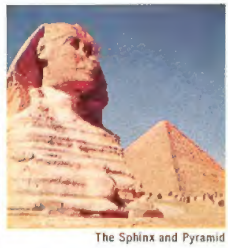

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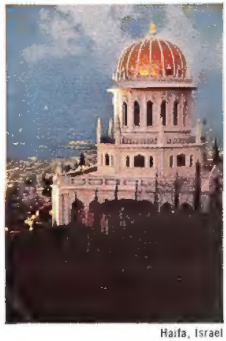

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